

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXIV. No. 1646.

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The full moon, photographed by the Lick Observatory, California (see page 625)

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By Richard Hoggart

Sidney and Beatrice Webb

By the Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P.

Art and Politics

By Stuart Hampshire

The Show Must Go On?

By John Mortimer

Also in this number: Geoffrey Agnew, Alistair Cooke, P. N. Furbank, Sir Herbert Read, Lord Taylor, William Townsend, Francis Watson

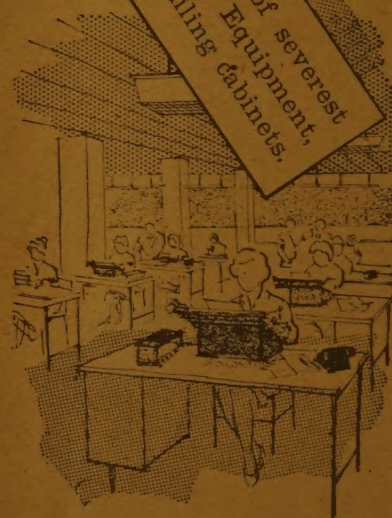
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Where Are the Giants?

ALISTAIR COOKE on the American Presidential campaign

THE generals and the big chiefs are all going home*, and I suppose that public interest in the United Nations Fifteenth Assembly will depart with them. Only Mr. Khrushchev seems inclined to stay on to keep the police on their toes, and Mr. Hammarskjöld on his guard and the rest of us on our ears.

It is maybe distressing that our interest in a great institution should begin to flag the moment it is deserted by heads of states, by demagogues, and by dictators beating tables with their fists. But I do not think this is anything new. Most of us, I would guess, remember Bismarck by a single cartoon in *Punch*, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain by what Lloyd George said about him, and Cleopatra by what Hollywood makes her out to be. People who take a serious interest in the news of their day go on taking it in spite of the headline writers, whose function seems to be to isolate the hysteria in any news event, as dog-lovers pick their dogs' backs for fleas.

Now, at any rate, we can look around the world and see what else is happening beyond the East River at Forty-second Street. And we can at last pump up some genuine interest in the Presidential election. The other night the fifteen-year-old daughter of a family I was visiting bade me goodnight by saying, at the door: 'Do you think, Mr. Cooke, that this is going to be the dirtiest campaign there's been?' I was startled by this farewell because though it is the favourite American cliché, for once it has not been said. This girl had been reading books. Rather, we have been imitating the regular British complaint; and until the second television debate on Friday, at any rate, most people seemed to be

wringing their hands over the boredom of it all. I could retire if I had a dime for every person I have heard say 'I've never felt like this before; somehow I just don't care'. And you could collect a pretty handsome annuity with a dollar for every middle-aged American who says 'I think I'll vote for Norman Thomas'.

Mr. Norman Thomas used to be everyone's pet socialist. He is a severe and noble old man, a former Presbyterian minister, now in his late seventies, who—beginning in 1928—ran for President on the socialist ticket six times, which is two times more than Roosevelt. Needless to say, he never made it; but he left his mark by pricking the comfortable consciences of the Republicans in the nineteen-twenties and challenging the social consciences of the Democrats in the thirties. His first try was his most successful, and many people—already disheartened with the nineteen-twenties, and their seemingly endless triviality—could not find enough to choose between the Republican Hoover and the Democrat Al Smith. They voted, many of them in protest against their party's choice, for Norman Thomas. Mr. Thomas was surely never a threat to the two ancient parties, and the fire and brimstone he used to threaten us with was stolen from him by the Wall Street crash. After Roosevelt came along, Mr. Thomas's main grievances appeared to have been taken over and dealt with by the New Deal. In 1948, when he was sixty-four, Mr. Thomas stopped running for President.

On the last really sweltering day of the summer, a few weeks ago, I was in a cab driving up Fourth Avenue, which has been renamed (and ignored) as Park Avenue South, and I was talking to the cab-driver about the election. He was a muscular, easy-

going man in—I should guess—his late thirties. He was retailing this year's favourite grumble. He had no use for Nixon and little use for Kennedy. He said: 'I wish there was another guy, a really big guy, around'.

A few blocks north we came to a traffic light, and while he was humming and sighing to himself, I happened to look out of the window and there, marching up the sidewalk as to battle, was a very tall old man in a brown suit, with a big, gaunt, gravity face. I said to the cab-driver: 'Well, if that's the way you feel, take a look over your shoulder and you'll see the man you ought to vote for'.

He turned and said: 'Where, where?' and I flipped a forefinger and ended the suspense. 'That', I said, 'is Norman Thomas'.

'Norman Thomas', he screamed, 'no kidding? Say, my dad told me about him. Maybe he voted for him one time—a sort of protest vote, is that what you call it?'

'That's what they called it', I said.

'Whadya know?' said the driver, 'Norman Thomas, hey. I saw him a month ago, I guess, on TV—in that mid-night programme. A very intelligent guy'.

The stop-light blinked to green and the driver said, as Mr. Thomas's desert march came level with the taxi: 'Shall we give him a honk?'

'Sure', I said, 'let's give him a honk'.

The driver honked his horn with a bouncing, affectionate motion. Mr. Thomas looked around. The cab-driver waved at him, as at a refugee father. Mr. Thomas waved back in a deeply baffled way and marched on.

'Say', said the driver, 'did you see that programme on TV the other night—what was it called 'The Nineteen-thirties'? It was an hour's documentary review of the depression and the New Deal and the rise of Roosevelt, and the rise of Hitler; and it ended with a dreadful bang with the blitz on Poland. I said, yes, as it happened, I had seen it. The driver, who must hear, did you see, that speech of Roosevelt was riding the whirlwind, said: 'Did you hear, did you see that speech of Roosevelt in there: boy, it curled my hair. He must have been really something, I mean'. I said it was a fact, that's what he was.

The driver suddenly threw up his hands. 'Where are the giants, that's what I say to my wife, where-are-the giants?'

'You're right there', I said.

Thinking this over, I was a little shocked at myself later, because the last time I had heard anyone yearn for a giant was in Germany in 1931; and Germany got one. I think Americans have at all times more than a secret yen for the big, confident leader, but I think both the history of Franklin Roosevelt and the history of Senator McCarthy show that the Americans stay bedazzled only as long as the leader stretches the constitution. The moment it begins to make a cracking sound they put the leader in his place—or, if he becomes as shameless as McCarthy, abandon him. Yet the cab-driver's lament does reflect what a lot of people feel: that we are moving into another difficult and sombre period and it would be a heartening thing to see a new, crusading leader on the horizon. So far, the speakers at the conventions, and the men they chose for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, are making crusading sounds, they are using the vocabulary of the New Deal (Mr. Nixon more than he might care to reflect), but somehow it is a hollow vocabulary, and so far it is hard to believe that they feel any genuine passion for it. I have asked many people, some of them very knowledgeable and some merely cocksure, how they think the election is going. And most of them say it is more unpredictable than any election of modern times. We all pretend to be superior in political insight to the polls, but the polls say it is fifty-fifty, so when anyone asks us, we look mature and hem and haw and say: 'I suspect right now

it's neck and neck'. Neck and neck may be the wrong image. It suggests hot breath and striated muscles. It is hard to get excited about a race in which both necks are jogging along a fraction of an inch apart. That is the way it is at the moment.

Myself, I do not believe it is entirely due to the personality of the candidates. I think we have reached a turn in history, or rather history has caught up with us and is, for once, on its way without pausing to bow to the American election or fall back to a respectful distance. Only four years ago international politics had to be practically suspended, because nothing firm could be agreed on with an administration that might be out of power the following January. This annoying habit was indulged when America was the unchallenged first power of the earth. But the heyday of American might was—as history is reckoned—very short indeed. I imagine it lasted from 1945 to 1958, by which time we were alarmed to admit that the Russians had developed the H-bomb on their own, with no substantial help from American

spies (that used to be the McCarthy line); and that, what was worse, they had created Sputnik without consulting us at all.

What has struck me about this Presidential campaign is that the world has refused to wait for the Kennedy or Nixon sunrise. History has come panting along, and barely dropped us a nod, and gone racing on. This is beginning to occur to American politicians and it alarms them. For the first time it induces real doubts about the efficiency, the sense, of the campaign system. More articles have been written this summer than in the previous twenty years about the strain that a Presidential campaign puts on America's allies, and the back-breaking physical strain it puts on the candidates. The system grew by necessity—from the obvious fact that it took days for a candidate to travel between New York and Washington and weeks to get out to the furthest reaches of the West. Today, both candidates are inviting physical and nervous exhaustion by making the most of the jet plane. Every week they take off from London, in a manner of speaking, and talk that night in Budapest, fly to Naples for a farmer's

rally, whisk off to Madrid for a big speech, next morning take breakfast with the longshoremen of Bremen and get back to London in the evening. Next day they are off to Cyprus and Morocco and Vienna and Scotland.

These are the actual distances they cover, and the actual tempo of their tours, to bring the message to the people. For the first time in history, both Presidential candidates have agreed to meet and debate in public and on television; and people who saw them as a fly on the horizon in San Diego or Portland, Maine, can now see them wince and sweat for an hour at a distance of two feet.

This idea of meeting for a face-to-face debate has, by the way, been put up to every Presidential candidate in the last twenty years and it has always been turned down. But at last it has been accepted. And it will always happen. A lot of people are saying that whatever harm it may do, it may at last perform one great good. It may soon come to abolish the Herculean ordeal of the long campaign. And, since the world refuses now to stand on tiptoe while we go through the primaries in the spring, the conventions in the summer, and the campaign in the fall, maybe we will take a hint from the hustling nations—Britain, for example—and abolish the primaries, hold the conventions in the fall, and shorten the agony to, say, six weeks. This is a revolutionary suggestion, and I hope no American is listening to it. But sooner or later, and it now looks like sooner, we shall have to forgo the delights and the absurdities and the physical stimulation and agony of an institution that, like some other nineteenth-century folk-ways, was leisurely and grandiose and colourful and enormously wasteful.—Home Service



Mr. Norman Thomas in 1938

Two Impressions of Mr. Khrushchev

Reflections on the Soviet leader at the U.N. General Assembly

I—By THOMAS BARMAN

B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

WHAT are we to make of Mr. Khrushchev? Is he really furious when he shakes his fist at his audience in the U.N. General Assembly, or when he denounces the sins of the unbelievers with all the fervour of an Old Testament prophet?

After his talk with Mr. Khrushchev in the Kremlin a year or so ago, Mr. Gaitskell said: 'Every now and again Mr. Khrushchev seemed to enjoy a bit of a row. After a while, he became genial again. He's an entertaining man, with a natural sense of humour'. And then Mr. Gaitskell added: 'He'd fly off—not in a rage exactly, but getting very excited now and again'. So here we have one acute observer saying that Mr. Khrushchev enjoys these rows: and some of my colleagues have seen him in the United Nations, angrily pounding the table with a smirk on his face. Then I have heard other people say that Mr. Khrushchev's tempestuous rages are all an act, all a put-up job. 'Look at his eyes', they say, 'they remain hard and cold without any fury in them'.

I can well believe that Mr. Khrushchev is not the sort of man who likes to be contradicted or argued with. I have never heard any Russian do that—except, perhaps, Mr. Mikoyan. One does not argue with an all-powerful dictator. But those who say that Mr. Khrushchev is the sort of man who regularly loses his temper, that he 'flies off the handle' just as Hitler used to do, will have to explain how a man with an ungovernable temper managed to survive through all the horrors of the Stalin age. They all spoke softly in Stalin's days, they were all whispering yes-men, as Mr. Khrushchev himself has admitted. And that is not the sort of part that a man with a blazing temper is likely to play with any degree of success. Or are we to believe that a man who has succeeded in keeping his anger under control for thirty years or more, suddenly, when he is over sixty and in good health, throws all caution to the winds? So perhaps all Mr. Khrushchev's rages are synthetic. He turns them on and off at will, in the hope that these outbursts will strike fear into the hearts of men everywhere.

Then there is the story that Mr. Khrushchev is fighting for his political life. The argument runs something like this. He convinced his colleagues in the Kremlin that he was the only Communist who could possibly deal with President Eisenhower, and for a time all seemed to be going well. Then came the U-2 affair, and that, apparently, proved that all Mr. Khrushchev's claims were false. So Mr. Khrushchev is now in a dangerous position: his favourite foreign policy has failed; he has been forced, against his own better judgment, to try another tack. At one time I thought there was something to be said for this view. But I do not think it any more. If Mr. Khrushchev's position is so precarious as to force him to change his foreign policy, how can he afford to be away from Moscow for long periods at a time? If a dictator chooses to spend a lot of time out of his capital, if he crosses the Atlantic in a slow ship, which means that he is rather out of touch with things for a week or more, then these facts tend to prove that his power rests on almost fool-proof foundations.



Mr. Khrushchev embracing Mr. Fidel Castro in the General Assembly of the United Nations on September 20

So we are left with the problem: why is Mr. Khrushchev doing all this? And here we can only speculate. But I would suggest that Mr. Khrushchev went to New York in the hope of forging a new majority in the United Nations, under the control of the Soviet Union. He failed—at least for the time being. His tactics over the Congo failed to convince anybody. In fact, the battle was lost while Mr. Khrushchev was still enjoying his holiday on the Atlantic. So now he is working on a new plan—a plan to make it impossible for the United Nations to exercise any authority at all. The present Secretary-General is obviously a hindrance in the way of Soviet power. In the ordinary way he cannot be removed. So

Mr. Khrushchev has now worked out a scheme for robbing the office of all power. He has proposed that there should be three Secretaries. Of course Mr. Khrushchev's own career is the best possible proof that a triumvirate is unworkable, that its individual members have no power at all and can never feel secure. In other words, since Mr. Khrushchev is unable to bend the United Nations to his will, he wants to emasculate the organization.

Mr. Khrushchev's shouting and blustering have had their effect. They have made us all far more conscious than we have ever been of the dangers of nuclear war. The effect on public opinion all over the world—notably on public opinion in Japan and Turkey—has been perceptible. He has

uncovered some soft spots on the American continent. The only parallel in history is Joshua's march round the walls of Jericho. The problem facing the leaders of the Western world is to see that our walls do not fall down under the trumpet-blast of the greatest propaganda act the world has ever known. It is in this light that we must consider Mr. Khrushchev's tactics over the past six months or so.

It is hard to know what the facts are about Russo-Chinese relations. But it seems likely that Mr. Khrushchev is under heavy pressure from Peking. The Chinese Communist Party is moving into all sorts of queer places—into North Africa, for example. And it is a fair assumption that they are cutting across Russian interests from time to time. There is a strong case to be made for the theory that Mr. Khrushchev's moves in the Congo were inspired more by the determination to prevent the Chinese from gaining a foothold there than by a desire to embarrass the Western Powers—although I have no doubt that that desire exists all the time.

It may well be that the unknown factor in Russian policy is China. How much of Mr. Khrushchev's foreign policy is inspired by the determination to keep one move ahead of the leaders in Peking?—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

II—By DOUGLAS STUART

B.B.C. special correspondent

IN NEW YORK, BROADWAY PRODUCERS have their eyes on Mr. Khrushchev. Any time he wants to stop ruling Russia, they say, he can make a fortune as a character actor on the 'Great White Way'. Ever since the Soviet Prime Minister bounced

off the 'Baltika' and spoke to a rain-drenched crowd of satellite admirers about thick skulls, as though he meant to crack them, he has played more parts in a day than Sir Alec Guinness or Peter Sellers in a year. In the blue, beige, gold, and green hall of the General Assembly I have watched Mr. Khrushchev as the tough orator, snapping out his demands to the well-drilled applause of the Soviet bloc delegates. Then I have seen him as the *claque* leader, rising to his feet to clap his pudgy hands for President Nkrumah of Ghana or for President Nasser of the United Arab Republic. On one occasion I saw him hiss a command across the aisle to a dozing Ukrainian delegate who failed to applaud a passage of Dr. Castro's marathon speech; the wretched man nearly fell off his chair. And then there was the time when Mr. Khrushchev drummed out his disapproval of the Secretary-General, Mr. Hammarskjöld, by pounding his fists on the desk in front of him. And never for a moment does he forget the sneaking glances of the delegates or the ubiquitous eye of the television camera.

Before the opening of a session he becomes Mr. Khrushchev of the Kremlin, the emperor of the Communist world. One by one the party bosses of eastern Europe come up to him, as it were, to

kiss hands. And he has a smile and a pat on the shoulder for each of them—Mr. Kadar of Hungary, Mr. Gomulka of Poland, Mr. Novotny of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Dej of Rumania, and so on. Outside the United Nations Mr. Khrushchev has kept the reporters, who follow him everywhere, constantly on the run. Without warning he flashes up to Harlem, the Negro quarter of New York, to embrace his new-found Cuban friend, the bearded Fidel Castro. Next, he pops out on to his Park Avenue balcony to shout that he is under house arrest, and carries on an ideological flirtation, like a political Juliet, with his journalistic Romeos below.

It is, however, over cocktail snacks and champagne that Mr. Khrushchev is at his most genial. Making the round of the delegation parties, the Russian leader sips, chuckles, and chats with everyone and anyone. 'No', he says, 'I have nothing against Mr. Hammarskjöld personally. He is not the worst candidate . . . just a representative of monopoly capitalism'. And his little eyes twinkle, and his mouth turns up in a puckish grin when a reporter asks him: 'What will you do if you don't get your way at the United Nations?' The reply is swift: 'We won't make war'. And then: 'Now you can go home and sleep soundly'.

—'Today' (Home Service)

Looking for a Leader

By BRUCE COOPER

MEMOIRS of military leaders lie thick on the shelves of bookshops. In accounts of the details of some campaign, you will in all likelihood come across some reflections on leadership. Often these will be random, provoked by a study of some earlier leader—Alexander of Macedon, Napoleon, Clausewitz, Allenby. At other times the writer will draw from his own experience. Lord Wavell and Lord Slim have even compiled lists of the qualities we should have before us when selecting candidates for promotion. Lord Slim demands courage, will-power, integrity, flexibility of mind, knowledge of the other man's job, and judgment.

Industry, too, is preoccupied by the problem of finding suitable leaders—or managers, as they are more often termed. It has its own apparatus of staff colleges, selection procedures, managerial training. But I doubt whether comparisons between military and industrial leadership are very valuable; since the army is able to call on such a wealth of sanctions to impose obedience no parallel on this level between it and industry is possible.

But would a personnel or selection officer be wise to have at his elbow Lord Slim's list of leadership qualities when interviewing prospective managers? I think he would be better advised to study the situation as much as the person. Just recently industry has been paying more attention to this aspect. I believe different problems and different groups of people throw up different kinds of leaders. J. M. Barrie played delightfully with the idea in *The Admirable Crichton*. I wonder if this idea has any worthwhile application off the stage? The current interest in what is known as group dynamics or group relations would suggest so. Most of us at some time or other have sat on committees, but we are usually presented with an agenda beforehand. To either our dismay or delight we find that old So-and-so is in the chair. And an hour or so later we begin to shuffle our papers in a rather purposeful way. Alternatively we may sometimes have found ourselves in a pub taking part in an interesting discussion, which we have reluctantly broken off. Rarely do the same group of people seem to meet again.

But imagine a situation where this does happen. Let us say ten of you meet for as long as you like and as often as you like every day for a fortnight, and you have no chairman, no agenda. What do you do? One or two firms in this country have been experimenting with just that situation, sending away for a fortnight their production engineers, their draughtsmen, their salesmen. I took part in one of these groups on a course held in the Midlands.

What happens? You grope about helplessly for some familiar prop. 'Let's have a chairman', someone brightly suggests. Yes, but who? There's the rub. Usually the situation is solved for you. A chairman assumes authority by virtue of appointment from above, or his superior status forces the group to elect him. The problem is not so easy when no status is involved. In a free situation there is a strong resistance to the personal bids for leadership. So you stall. Someone who finds the situation frustrating bursts out: 'I think we ought to talk about the place of the Arts graduate in industry'. Alas, nine other people do not share this conviction. But the typical factory committee does not allow its members the luxury of deciding what they may talk about. The agenda is there in black and white.

The result of this unusual experience is that you become more interested in people and rather less in what they say. Does not the intellectual content of what is being discussed often cloud the fact that disagreement is emotional and not intellectual? In other words, a failure of will, not understanding.

Despite the fact that you may be discussing a topic of casual interest, in a group dynamic situation, the tension rises and falls until you resolve it. The instinct is always to run away from a highly emotional situation, to seek refuge producing another topic of discussion. Maturity comes as a result of learning to cope with the emotional problems that arise, so that an integrated group can deal with any individual stresses in the group. Maturity is not easily come by. Often members of a group have to come clean about what it is that is really biting them. This can be embarrassing. Most of us have defence mechanisms essential for our self-esteem. And it is not always prudent to probe too deeply into a person's motives. While it may be in order for a person's mental health to confess embarrassing matters as a cure for his neurosis, this is seldom the case for an integrated engineer.

The sort of confession that usually takes place is of the order, 'I spoke strongly against this because I thought you were trying to foist something on the rest of the group'. Such frankness tends to be exceptional in most everyday groups. For in real committee situations few people speak bluntly about another's abilities. Sometimes a person will confess that he speaks seldom because he is a slow thinker and by the time he has formulated his thoughts someone else has articulated them or another topic is being discussed. Everyone knows those committees where two or three rarely speak and the rest of the members happily tolerate this condition for meeting after meeting. Our concept of

democracy is that anybody can speak if he wants to. Can he? Some will do so only on invitation, but their contribution is nonetheless valuable for that. Sometimes people are silent in committee because they harbour a grudge. Our particular group's attitude was that if anyone wanted to behave like that, then we let him. We managed after three meetings to elect a chairman by ballot on a minority vote for the sole reason, as we later realized, that he was capable of silencing a difficult and loquacious member. When this member lapsed into silence, where before he had been noisy, we accepted this gratefully without going into the reason for it.

Sweeping the Lawn

My own group's moment of maturity came when we faced up to the reasons for our choice of chairman. It came about in a rather curious way. Most of our time together had been devoted to discussion. One morning we decided that we would turn ourselves into an action group and perform a relatively simple job of sweeping some leaves off a lawn. Someone had to organize this operation. But who? We, unlike some other groups which were training with us, even had a chairman, but in this rather new situation we were not so disposed to accept his leadership. An analysis of this showed that we had really elected him as a peacemaker when emotional discussion became too hot. Most of the time he had been extremely permissive, never suggesting what topics we should discuss or speaking a great deal himself. Was something more authoritarian required for carrying out a practical task of taking leaves from a lawn?

In other words does the leader change according to the task to be done? Our group would have given the answer yes. In the short time we met, four out of the ten exercised a leader role, one as a peacemaker, another to represent a matter to higher authority, another to act as spokesman for the group on their performance (and this the person who had spoken least in our discussions), another to organize our farewell party. Time and physical environment did not allow us to realize any more leader roles.

What happens in the factory, the school, the college? The head of the department, who is invariably chosen by his superiors and not by those he controls, is expected to exercise all of the functions required of a leader. It takes a genius to do that. Most of us excel in only one or two spheres. The ideal chairman and negotiator is not always the most alert when a quick decision is required. He is weighing up the pros and cons, wondering whether he is not being unfair. The brilliant initiator of ideas is often an unpersuasive speaker, a poor administrator.

What are some of the lessons industry can learn from these experiments? To reserve authoritarianism for the occasions where that is the ideal solution, and elsewhere to preserve a pattern of permissive leadership or management. To realize that authority—the formal right to require action of others—as Mary Parker Follett calls it, is not the same as leadership. To see even that voting is not always the only or best way of achieving an answer to a problem and that agreement can be reached which satisfies the group. What is interesting as a sideline is that the understanding which can be achieved need not be based on the Sunday round of golf together or having to invite one's colleague's wife to tea or cocktails.

Insights into Motives

Enthusiasm for group dynamics in the United States seems to have bred its own reaction. William Whyte, in *The Organization Man*, suggests that it leads to a drab submerging of the individual in the group, from which there is now a break-away move. My experience is that it highlights the individual's value to the group. Some of the insights one gains—about people's motives for action, about the emotional barriers to communication, that rules and structure are not necessary for action—are insights that a perceptive individual might obtain without locking himself up with ten other people for a fortnight. The chances are that he would not gain them so quickly.

Perhaps more valuable are the insights you obtain about yourself, about your own attitudes to authority—some people can get quite Freudian about this. You realize that you are not exactly

the chairman you fancied yourself, but, surprisingly, a more persuasive speaker than you imagined. You learn that you may know more by listening to others than speaking yourself but that they need you to prod them into life.

Do these sound rather mundane truths? If so, it is surprising how few people are aware of them. Does all this mean that you chop and change your boss, that you never have the same departmental head above you from one day to the next? No, but it does mean that the good leader, who enjoys his position in the firm for the responsibility he holds, the money he has to handle, will realize that to get the best out of the team he leads, occasionally it is wise to allow one of his subordinates to assume a leader role. I wonder if he would learn this lesson from military memoirs?—*Third Programme*

In the version of the televised broadcast 'Prospects of Mankind' which was published in *THE LISTENER* last week we regret that on page 546, column 2, owing to an error in editing the transcription, a statement about appeasement with Hitler was attributed to Lord Russell which in fact was made to Lord Russell by the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell. The whole passage should have read:

Lord Russell: It is generally assumed in the press that if the Labour Party goes unilaterally it is done for, and will not get a majority for God knows how long. My own belief, and this based upon a good deal of knowledge of opinion, is that this is the exact opposite of the truth. The Labour Party has been losing in recent years because it did not stand for anything much, and I think that the young, especially, of whom I know a great many, have a feeling that it would be rather nice to be allowed to grow up, and that if the present policies of the world continue they will have very little chance of reaching maturity before they are dead. That feeling is really very widespread, and the party that appealed to it would, I think, before long sweep the country. That is my deliberate opinion, based upon an astonishing growth of that way of looking at things.

Hugh Gaitskell: I can only say that I do not agree with that. But in any event this is an issue of such profound importance that I do not think we should make up our minds on it according to whether we think this young person or that is moving this way or that. If I think, as I do, that the policy you are advocating is profoundly dangerous, then I am going to oppose it.

Lord Russell: Every policy is dangerous.

Hugh Gaitskell: But I think your policy is even more dangerous; it is as dangerous, with respect, as the policy you advocated before the last war, which was one of appeasement with Hitler. You know that's true.

THE YOUNG TRAVELLER'S VIEW

The second number of *THE LISTENER* in 1961 will be a Travel Book Number.

Students are now back from their holidays abroad and their impressions are still vivid.

A prize of £25 is therefore offered for the best essay about travelling outside Britain by a young man or woman under the age of 25, to be published in this special number.

The article should not exceed 2,000 words in length and should be sent in not later than the end of November. It should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Editor reserves the right to publish articles submitted, other than the winning article, at the usual rates.

The Editor's decision is final.

The Listener

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Ideas and Parties

IT can scarcely be doubted that the British Labour Party, if one may judge by the divisions at its recent annual conference in Scarborough, is going through difficult times. And it is perhaps therefore not inappropriate to be reminded in a series of talks on 'The Intellectuals and the Labour Movement' in the B.B.C. Third Programme of the figures who originally gave life and purpose to modern socialism in Britain and unquestionably influenced leaders of the present Labour Party. In his *Fifty Years March* published in 1949—the Labour Party is sixty years old this year—Mr. Francis Williams reminded his readers how in 1879 'two young men, an impecunious young Irishman of twenty-three, who was trying to write novels, and a twenty-year-old tax surveyor, met for the first time at an obscure Hampstead debating club, the Zetetical Society': these were Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb; and that meeting led ultimately to the foundation of the Fabian Society. In the first talk, which is published on another page, the Rt. Hon. John Strachey pays tribute to those great Fabians, Sidney Webb and his wife, Beatrice, and reminds us of their impact on the early Labour Party.

Next week we shall be publishing Professor Asa Briggs's tribute to G. D. H. Cole. No one who knows anything about the modern Labour Party is unaware of the influence exercised behind the scenes in the party by Mr. and Mrs. Cole. When they lived in Oxford in the nineteen-twenties their teaching and enthusiasm made a profound impact on the young men and women both at the university and at Ruskin College in suggesting not only practical work that might be done for the party cause but also in working out ideas for social reform that might be put into effect if ever the party was able to form a government with a majority in the House of Commons. This was not to come about until after the second world war. Nevertheless some of the friends and pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Cole were members of the Government then and though Douglas Cole himself was never an M.P. (as Sidney Webb was), he could claim that his thinking received practical political recognition.

It is sometimes asserted that the political ideas of thinkers rarely make much impression upon day-to-day politics. But that surely is to fly in the face of the facts. Locke had a profound influence in England and America, Hegel in Germany, Marx in Russia, Rousseau and Voltaire in France. There are naturally parties that seem to thrive upon a purely empirical approach. In the United States one sometimes supposes that to us there seems little difference between the two main parties because both claim to derive their inspiration from the same source, Thomas Jefferson. But though the inspiration may come in devious ways and not always be fairly acknowledged it can usually be traced, and this, it can be argued, is especially true of the British Labour movement. Today it is commonly said there are other Webbs and Coles at work, sowing the seeds of ideas appropriate to the twentieth century, that may in years to come change the structure of the state as much as it has now been changed in comparison with the early Victorian age. All political parties depend on appealing to the young. But new approaches are necessary. Neither the socialism of the Webbs nor the toryism of Disraeli may be what is needed today. Political parties must renew themselves in each generation. And sometimes it is a painful process.

What They Are Saying

The neutralists' initiative in U.N.

CAIRO TRANSMISSIONS quoting the Egyptian newspaper *Al Ahram* revealed what President Nasser had told President Eisenhower during their recent New York meeting. The Egyptian leader had said that America bore a great responsibility in strengthening the United Nations; the U.N. had 'slipped' in 1948 when the United States 'opposed the Palestine question', but it had played its proper role when America 'sided with the right in the U.N. during the aggression against Egypt in 1956'. President Nasser had also proved to President Eisenhower that the U.N. stand in the Congo had 'exceeded its limits'. But, the Egyptian commentator went on:

For the sake of elevating the word of justice and neutrality, the neutral states did not rush to support Khrushchev's proposal regarding the running of the executive machinery of the U.N., because the adoption of such a proposal would mean the crumbling of the hope of ending the Cold War, and would also mean that division would extend to the very core of the U.N. . . . The neutral states found in President Nasser's proposal, calling for a meeting between Eisenhower and Khrushchev, the only path towards peace and so they adopted it, although owing to several obstacles this proposal did not achieve majority support in the U.N.

Earlier Ankara radio also broadcast a commentary on the neutrals' efforts to lessen international tension; Nasser, it said, had emerged as a saviour of peace. The Turkish commentator quoted the call for a meeting between Eisenhower and Khrushchev. The broadcaster also spoke of the respect held by the neutrals for the U.N.; many of them supported Khrushchev on disarmament but were against a three-man secretariat.

Yugoslav transmissions quoted an article in the Yugoslav newspaper, *Komunist* which, discussing the initiative of the five neutralist leaders in favour of an Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting, had said:

This proposal expresses the mood of the enormous majority of members and has their support. Unfortunately the success of the initiative of the uncommitted countries does not depend on them alone.

A Moscow home service broadcaster commented as follows on the American President's reaction to the initiative of the five neutralists:

The tone of Eisenhower's reply is not at all to the credit of U.S. diplomacy. The President seems to have decided that the heads of government of the leading countries of Asia and Africa are badly informed on past events, and he gave them a lecture on the international situation. He set a number of prior conditions in the form of an ultimatum. Such was the behaviour of the U.S. President, accustomed to act from positions of strength, from the position of a master.

The Soviet commentator, without mentioning that Mr. Khrushchev, on his side, had also laid down conditions for a meeting with the American President, continued:

Every line of Khrushchev's reply to the appeal of the neutral leaders breathes sincerity and friendship. The Soviet leader holds in high esteem the motives which prompted the leaders of the five governments to take this initiative.

The New York Times questioned the wisdom of the neutralists' proposal in two respects: first, the great issues of the day would not, said the newspaper, be changed by a single meeting, but only by long and patient negotiation. Beyond this, however, the neutralist proposal represented a danger to the neutralists themselves, since it tended to polarize the conflict as being merely between the United States and Soviet Russia, whereas, said *The New York Times*, it is between the whole free world and communist imperialism.

The New York Daily News said that the suggestion of the neutral leaders had been an 'impudent' one in that it represented an attempt by those leaders to order the President of the United States around. The newspaper was delighted that the American Government, which had 'done a lot of kowtowing to neutrals lately', had at last declared itself partially independent of them.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

'THEN CAME OCTOBER'

"THEN CAME OCTOBER...": the words are from a poem by Edmund Spenser—"Then came October full of merry glee", said BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD in a talk in the West of England Home Service. 'I do not believe most people think of October like that. It is rather a month of memories for them, even if they are only memories of the summer just past. But for me October is too immediate a month for memories. "Then came October" means for me a nip in the early-morning air, mist lying in the hollows, the little owl's shrill wild note on warm nights, the weird, hollow music of the brown owl on frosty ones, and the joyous song of the wren. In the close twilight before the dawn, while the rooks are sleeping and the robins have not yet stirred, the little wren sings as though it were May. It is a sweet whispering, a babble of little slender notes, the one following the other ceaselessly, a never-ending succession of tiny silver sounds cheerfully running as water over stones. And it is a constant song, reckless of weather. "Then came October" means the wren; the wren and colour. Bryony in the hedgerows, the long festoons of scarlet berries, almost as large as cherries; the giant skeletons of the cow-parsley; the white mustiness on the maple bushes, silk on the hedgerows, gossamer on the lawn. Is there anything more beautiful than the dew-laden webs covering the hedgerows on an October morning? Some are slung like hammocks; some seem to have no form at all but to be a mere tangle of silken threads criss-crossing in all directions; some are just small bluish blobs; some are spread like handkerchiefs but with a funnel in the centre; and here and there will be the wonderful orb web, the famous cartwheel, the most beautiful and the most skilful of all spider webs. The webs are there all summer through, of course: but it is only now, in October, gleaming in the dew, that they are there for all to see.

'This hedge-row beauty is to be seen on any October morning, but the gossamer can be seen only on a dewy morning following a fine warm day. Then maybe the whole countryside, lawns and fields, hedgerows and walls, is covered with a coat of fine, silken threads.

'No, I do not need memories: each present October is more wonderful than the last. I look from my window



'Industrial Panorama', by L. S. Lowry

By courtesy of the Lefevre Gallery

and see the beech tree tinged with ochre, the sycamore with a flush of rose, and watch in the evening light the pencilled hills beyond grow dove-coloured. The single elm turning from green to yellow might so easily be that elm in April turning from yellow to green. Spring is but a few short months away. That is the promise of October, the promise of the turning leaf'.

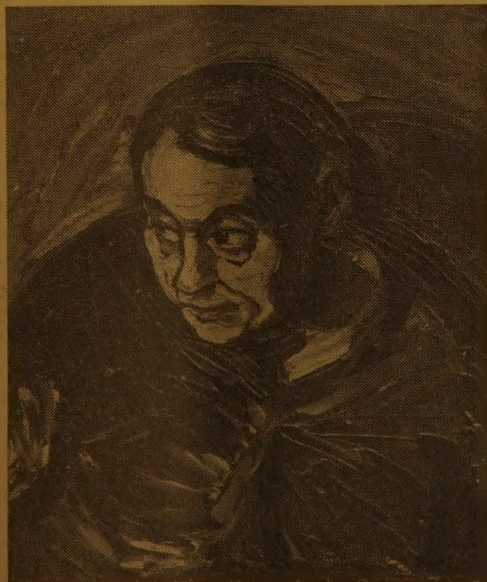
PAINTING THE INDUSTRIAL NORTH

'The north-west of England', said BILL GRUNDY in 'Manchester Magazine', broadcast in London Calling Europe, 'has some of the most exciting scenery in the world. But it is the scenery of industry, not of nature. Its elements are the pit head, the cotton mill, the cooling tower, and the slag heap. It is intensely dramatic, and like all drama you need time to appreciate it properly. But you can learn to love it if an artist is your teacher.

'The best-known artist in the north is L. S. Lowry, now an old man. Lowry lives by himself near Manchester, in an old cottage full of clocks. He has hardly ever been out of the area he has painted all his life—paintings that are entirely characteristic, beautifully organized groups of mills, power stations, houses, and people, funny little people with thin bodies and enormous feet, all of them put down on canvas with great pity and understanding.

'But Lowry himself thinks his best is behind him. One painter whom he thinks is a master comes from the Lancashire town of Wigan. His name is Theodore Major. He is fifty years old, he has a wife and a daughter, and in voice and appearance he is entirely a product of his native county. He differs from his fellow Lancastrians in that he has the eye of a great artist.

'His paintings fall into four natural groups. There are pictures of the surrounding industrial scene, where, for example, telegraph poles loom through the fog with an indescribable poetry. There are sea-shore paintings whose sadness is overwhelming. There are paintings so full of movement that "still life" is an absurd name for them. And, most impressive of all, there are his portraits: children sad, children laughing, pale thin children, unforgettable children; old people with terrible faces, skulls that are etched with



'Mary Ellen of Wigan', by Theodore Major

the misery and squalor they have lived in all their lives. They are the product of the industrial north but in their struggle with the dirt and the filth their faces have somehow become beautiful, and it is this beauty that Theodore Major has seen and painted.

‘These two artists, Lowry and Major, are the masters, but there are many others interpreting the scene in their own way. These

only applicable to children; and I am afraid even that has been completely ousted by the more general “love”.

‘However, no contrast could be more complete than when we turn to the opposite of pet-names. Bawmstick, nuppit, cliver-clogs, claat-ead, blether’ead and cawf’ead are only a few of the epithets that can be hurled at anyone they seem to fit, and

perhaps our uncompromising West Riding accent makes them sound all the more damaging. No doubt “thoo gurt feal” means much the same as “thaa gret fooil”, but somehow it never sounds quite so scathing, especially in the mellower tones and slower tempo of the North and East Ridings.

‘Another field in which the dialect of the West Riding is almost fantastically rich is in terms of physical violence. When you consider that you can be poised, nawped, brayed, bencilled, clawked, or yer’oiled—to say nothing of less printable indignities—it scarcely sounds a safe place to live in. Yet I do not think it is any more than a sort of “carry-over” from the not so very distant past when all the local “feasts” were occasions for countless fights. I remember hearing of an old chap in a village taproom who had just been told the parentage of a younger man he was talking to. “Well na”, he exclaimed delightedly, “an are *ta* Bill Dicki’son lad? Ey, Ah’ve allis had a bit o’ regard for thy fatter ivver sin’ he poised me two front teeth out at Gunth’it Feast”.

‘No doubt it is geographical circumstances that shape the bones of a dialect, but it is the native character that makes those dry bones live’.

MOP AND HIRING-FAIRS

‘At this time of the year country towns have what are still called mops—short for mop fairs’, said IVOR BROWN in ‘Today’ (Home Service). ‘Some of the autumn fairs explain themselves: Nottingham’s goose fair is historic, and Tavistock’s

“goosey” fair is famous in Devonshire song. The young geese had grown fat on summer grass and were too expensive to be kept in winter food. Hence the killing of the Michaelmas goose. The mop fair was an autumn hiring-fair. The harvest was over and the young women’s labour was no longer so much wanted on the farms. So they came to the market town for all the fun of the fair and also to look for an indoor job. They carried brooms or mops to show that they wanted domestic labour. Job-hunters of this kind are certainly not common nowadays, and would have to carry not mops but electric carpet-sweepers.

‘Would these young women be called “moppets”? The word-wise Mr. Eric Partridge says that Mabel, a girl’s name now out of fashion, was once common among housemaids, and may have been slurred into “moppet” and made a general descriptive term, as “Tommy Atkins”, or “Tommy” alone, once was for a soldier. That seems a bit unlikely. A moppet was also a name for a little fish, especially whiting. It was once the custom for a man to call his dear one his mouse. So why not his little fish, his moppet, too?

‘Mention of dear little moppets reminds me that the word fair, as in mop fair or goose fair, has nothing to do with justice or personal beauty. It is our form of the Latin *feria*, holiday. London’s Mayfair was called after a fair held in the month of May at a site which still has a countryside name, Shepherd Market’.



Mop fair at Cirencester—

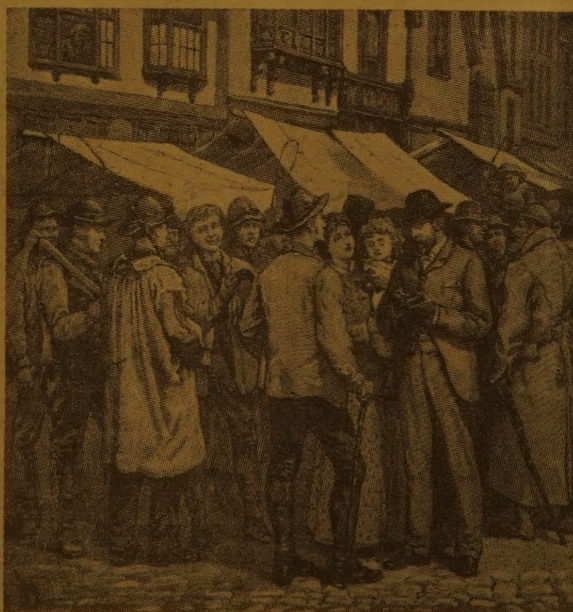
painters rise far above the local scene. They show man in his surroundings, struggling against circumstance, and thereby acquiring much beauty. That is not a local thing; it is something that can be understood by the whole world’.

WEST RIDING WORDS AND WAYS

‘Someone from the south once said to me: “Caution’s all very well, but don’t you West Riding folks ever say *anything* without a ‘hardly’, an ‘almost’, or a ‘happen’ to qualify it?”; F. A. CARTER was speaking in ‘The Northcountryman’ (North of England Home Service).

‘Having been born and bred in the West Riding, it had not occurred to me, but, when it was pointed out, I saw at once that there was a lot in what he said, and that the words he had mentioned did come in for some very hard wear. I reflected that “It ’ud ommost be as weel”, would probably be as far as a Yorkshireman of the old school would go in the matter of approval; and that if the same Yorkshireman had been watching Blondin’s wheelbarrow-on-the-tightrope act over Niagara he would, no doubt, have remarked that it “didn’t look nowt aboon safe”.

‘Another West Riding trait is extreme reticence in matters emotional or aesthetic, and this is reflected in the dialect by its poverty in terms of endearment or compliment. I know of only one pet-name really native to the dialect, and that is “döy”, probably meant as a childish pronunciation of “joy” and



—and a detail from an engraving of an English hiring-fair in the eighteen-eighties

The Art of the Editor

By A. P. RYAN

HERE is one point on which I think Mr. Alfred M. Gollin, in his new book *The Observer and J. L. Garvin: 1908-1914**, has gone wrong. J. L. Garvin was not a great editor. So far from being one he was not an editor at all. Indeed, I will go further than that and say that at any rate in his later years he would have benefited enormously by being kept within bounds by a sympathetic editor. Anyone who remembers those vast open spaces which on Sunday mornings before the war we felt it was our duty to plod through will understand what I mean. Garvin, because he was editor of *The Observer* as well as its chief contributor, got into the habit of over-writing grossly by the standards of the nineteen-thirties. What he had to say, which was almost always worth hearing, would have commanded a much larger audience if his articles had been pruned by an editor whom he trusted and even more if he had known before he started writing that he was going to be pruned. I reacted so strongly to Mr. Gollin's sub-title—*A study in a great editorship*—that I am grateful to him for he has set me off thinking what a great editor is.

I am going to base what I have to say on two great editors, one of whom, C. P. Scott of *The Manchester Guardian*, I worked under, and the other of whom, Delane of *The Times*, I have studied in print and manuscript and the gossip of Printing House Square and Fleet Street—which is gossip worth hearing and with a long memory. But before going on to Scott and Delane let me make my peace with Mr. Gollin. His excellent book deals with his hero before the first world war, that is before Garvin's besetting sins as a journalist had too nearly got the better of him. I have no quarrel with Mr. Gollin and I have no wish to attack his hero Garvin. Garvin was a magnificent pamphleteer, a hard fighter for all the many causes he had at heart, and over and above this he was a man with a load of civilized interests. I should be convicted of ingratitude if I did not recall that he was warmly generous to young men of his own craft and a vintage conversationalist. Incidentally, he had a remarkable gift of verbal memory. He would quote without hesitation and tell in exact detail of some long ago political encounter with this or that statesman. It was an experience to listen to him and it was, I suspect, a dissipation of energy that he could not really afford.

Certainly it was not an accomplishment to be encouraged in an editor. Massey, a wise old news editor on *The Daily Telegraph*, used to say that more valuable news had been lost by journalists talking instead of listening than he liked to think about. Good news can also be lost by journalists growing tired of mixing with men of action. Garvin grew reluctant to leave his library and dine out. He once said to a friend of mine that he had unhesitatingly refused an invitation from the then Foreign Secretary, adding: 'Doesn't he realize that if I dined with him I'd have lost the time in which I read two dialogues of Plato?'

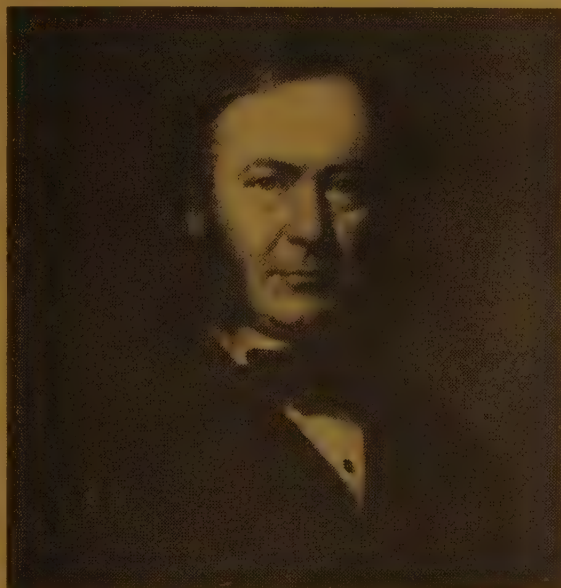
That was magnificent. But it was not the way a great editor works. It would have appealed neither to C. P. Scott nor to John Thaddeus Delane. Different though

these two great editors were, they had one thing in common. They were slaves throughout their working lives to the hour-by-hour demand of a daily newspaper. It is nearly thirty years since C. P. Scott died and he has already become the victim of myth and legend. You may have heard it said of him that he was a high-minded radical, a supporter of Lloyd George rather than Asquith first and a newspaper man second. Anecdotes are told of how, in his almost religious devotion to what he called the 'long'—that

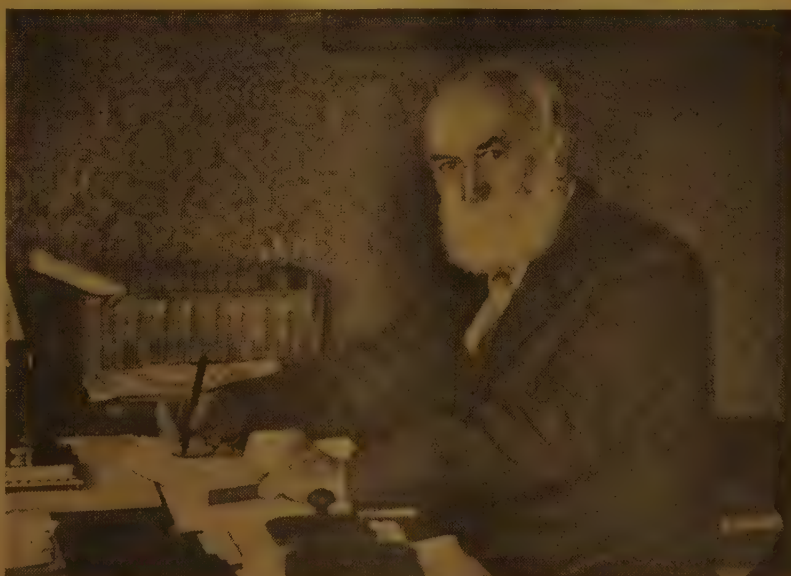
is the first leading article—he would sacrifice all other interests. Not a bit of it. Again, he is accused of being interested only in politics and of letting all other sides of a newspaper be handled by this or that member of his staff. Again, not a bit of it. Then his prodigious long innings has led some debunking critics to say that in his later years he had lost grip. His length of service was indeed amazing. He became editor of *The Manchester Guardian* in 1872 and when I watched him closely at work in the 'twenties he was still going strong. He was a very old man of course. His silky white beard, and suits cut beautifully in an old fashioned style that became him, showed that he belonged to a vanished generation. He called champagne 'fizz-wine' and cigarettes—he gave those Russian ones, half tube and half tobacco, to his guests—he called 'weeds'. But you made a great mistake if you thought that he was not living in the present

or that any detail in the day's newspaper would escape him.

I used to have to take the cuttings every morning to C.P.'s house in the suburbs of Manchester to show him what was in the other papers in the way both of news and comment. Scott read standing at a kind of lectern and on it, every morning, were all the editions of that day's *Guardian* and every paragraph ringed with blue pencil marks, and Scott had gone through them all with a toothcomb. If he kept me waiting for more than a few moments



J. T. Delane, editor of *The Times* 1841-1877



C. P. Scott, editor of *The Manchester Guardian* 1872-1929

he would always apologize with just the same courtesy as he showed to distinguished visitors. It was a delicious sight to see this handsome and venerable old man with head bowed over his lectern, and above on the ceiling some fat and rather gaudy painted figures apparently preparing to swoop down on to those white hairs. The study had once been the boudoir of a Lady Whitworth of the armament family, which explained the ceiling.

C. P. Scott's Concern with the Contemporary

I never knew what Scott would ask about the day's news. His questions touched everything from high politics to the smallest items of home news. I remember one day when he had finished cross-examining me about the leaders in all the newspapers on a major crisis in foreign affairs he said, apropos of nothing: 'Tell me, my dear boy, how much are professional cricketers paid?' He would send short, pencilled notes to reporters praising them for having done a good job even in an obscure paragraph and reproaching them if their prose seemed to him clumsy. He kept an eye on all the arts, writing useful notes to reviewers and insisting that everything must be kept up to date. When broadcasting was still in the cat's-whisker age and the highbrows thought it beneath their notice, Scott forced reluctant and indeed almost mutinous critics to listen and to comment, so convinced was he that wireless had come to stay. That sounds obvious enough now, but for an old man approaching his eighties to goad critics less than half his age was a sign of his perennial concern with the contemporary and the significant. These things so enthralled him that he did not find the long hours of night work irksome. He was happy at his desk, making sure that what would appear in the next day's paper was in doctrine and style precisely according to his own standards.

Until late in life, when he became a prolific contributor of 'longs', he wrote little himself. When he did it was always to the point and without frills. In one of his comparatively rare leading articles he made this point: 'People talk of "journalese" as though a journalist were of necessity a pretentious and sloppy writer; he may be, on the contrary, and very often is, one of the best in the world, at least he should not be content to be much less'. He was never content with less. His pride was to be scrupulously fair in presenting the news and unswayed by any pressure from behind the scenes in commenting on it. Impartiality, he once remarked, does not imply indifference. Indifference, he went on, is an atrophy of the sympathies, impartiality a poise of the mind. He had that poise, but it went with strong convictions and prejudices. He could never believe that Conservatives would fight straight at an election. He had a preference for what we would now call left-wing foreign correspondents. He was a puritan. He told me once that as an Oxford undergraduate at Corpus in the 'sixties he had been so disgusted by the talk of his fellow passengers in a race train that it had set him against racing, for life. He had a contempt for gambling. Once, when I went into his room in the office, the yard below was busy with the noise of vans starting out with an edition of the evening newspaper. Some local man had won the Calcutta Sweep. C.P. wanted to know how much the prize was and how much the price of a ticket. On being given the two figures C.P. tore a piece of copy paper off his block, went to the window, opened it, tore the copy paper into shreds and scattered them into the yard below. Then, turning to me he said: 'If I got a cheque for the Calcutta Sweep I'd do with it what I've just done with that piece of paper'. He paused, and then went on: 'What would you do, my dear boy?' When I told him that it would be hypocritical to pretend that I would not promptly cash the cheque, he did not register even mild disapproval. Laissez-faire in his case did really mean letting the other man go his own way.

Delane in Printing House Square

Delane would not have torn up a cheque for winnings on the turf or any other form of gambling. He was a man of the world and, in many respects, the antithesis to Scott. But he shared that absorbing love of spending night after night in a newspaper office. It was his boast that he had seen the dawn more often than any man in London. He, like Scott, preferred to edit other men's

writing rather than to write himself. He contributed fewer leaders to *The Times* than did Scott to *The Manchester Guardian*, but he claimed that on all the many nights he had sat until dawn in Printing House Square, no issue of *The Times* had gone out in which he had not somehow altered or contributed to every paragraph. He would start his vigil about 10.30 in the evening, after already having put in busy hours since midday seeing Ministers and collecting news from other sources, and he would go on until five or six in the morning. He is said to have been one of the last people to go about his business in the London of the 'seventies on horseback. If he walked, he argued, people would keep on buttonholing him. From the saddle he could greet them in a neighbourly way and go on.

Two famous yarns illustrate his flair for gathering news. Meeting Sir Richard Quain, an eminent doctor of the time, at the Athenaeum, he was told that Lord Northbrook, who had a daughter, had been inquiring whether a hot climate might suit a delicate girl. The next day there was an announcement in Delane's paper that Lord Northbrook had been appointed to succeed Lord Mayo as Viceroy. His Lordship's comment was: 'How *The Times* got hold of it I cannot imagine, for no one but myself and Gladstone had even discussed it'.

The other tale is a cautionary one—a warning against staying too long in harness. Disraeli told Delane a few days before his translation to the House of Lords that he was on the point of going down to Osborne to see the Queen and 'I shall not return to the House of Commons'. Delane, who was then—although he was still under sixty—in rapidly failing health, nearly at the end of his editorship, missed his friend's broad hint. He thought that all that had been meant was that Disraeli would not return for the prorogation.

Absolute Discretion

I mention these old stories of how an editor may score or fail to score because a quick sense in putting two and two together must be part of his make-up and absolute discretion must go with it. An editor who breached confidences would soon find himself out in the cold. Scott was so scrupulous over this that he could sometimes be maddening to his staff. They would get news independently and in a completely above-the-board manner and he would insist on keeping it out of the paper if he had happened to have been told it himself in confidence. His argument was that it would be no good telling his informant if *The Manchester Guardian* printed the story that it was unconnected with him: no informant would believe that. So Scott would allow other papers to get in first rather than run this risk. The one thing that mattered to him, as it did to Delane, was that in the long run the prestige of his paper should be kept high.

Both men sank their egos in an institution. That is why I single them out as great editors. Garvin had to express himself as a personal artist which is an honourable ambition but does not square with the effacement required of editors. They can only be fulfilled and satisfied if they enjoy, as Scott and Delane did for part of their working lives, real power over the contents of their papers. Thinking of them reminds me of a visit I paid a long time ago to a press lord who owned a number of popular newspapers. He waved at me in a genial fashion as one of his footmen showed me in, and continued to shout into one of the numerous telephones on the low table beside which he was sprawling on a sofa. He was reprimanding the man at the receiving end of that telephone in no uncertain terms. There was no question of my eavesdropping, I was evidently meant to hear what the press lord was saying. When he put the receiver down he gave me a broad grin and said: 'Just talking to one of my editors'. He would not have talked like that to Delane or Scott, or indeed to Garvin.

Such long-distance and intermittent control as press lords or other proprietors may exercise can help to make newspapers better business propositions. But it cannot create a paper that will be treated with respect for its news and its views. The most that sort of control can manage is to entertain people. Nor, so far as I can recall, is there a single example of a daily paper run for propaganda purposes—to back a political party, for instance—that has not been a failure. Readers will not be lectured over the breakfast table by high Tories or fervent radicals or

paladins of socialism. The most famous flop in Fleet Street was that of the *Tribune*, a Liberal daily started in the Edwardian era with the highest of hopes and a most distinguished band of contributors: it came to a speedy end. I once asked C. P. Scott how that had happened and he gave one of his rich chuckles and told me that it was because those in charge had concentrated on

their leading articles and not kept the news under hourly editorial control. Hourly editorial control of news and views; that is what makes a great editor. That it has, from time to time, also led to disastrous editorships does not alter my point. There is no substitute in the life of a healthy, responsible, readable newspaper for the selfless service of a Scott or a Delane.—*Third Programme*

The Intellectuals and the Labour Movement

Sidney and Beatrice Webb

By the Rt. Hon. JOHN STRACHEY, M.P.

MOST people would be inclined to say that the Webbs exerted more intellectual influence upon the British Labour Movement than anyone else has ever done. There was the influence of their books; and then there was the influence of their lives. Both were profound.

Their greatest book was one of their earliest: *The History of Trade Unionism* (1894). After more than half a century this remains a basic work of sociology. And in a way too it illustrates how their books and their lives were really one. For the manner in which the Webbs went about this first major task of 'their partnership', as Beatrice was to call it, set the noble pattern of their lives. They investigated the trade unions—the basic, indeed in the eighteen-eighties, almost the sole—organizations of the wage earners.

For the successful formation of the post-Chartist British trade unions was, as everybody can see now, one of the decisive events of modern history. These late nineteenth-century, molecular activities of the British wage earners, drab and prosaic compared with the revolutionary spirit of Chartism; feeble and precarious compared with the power of trade unionism today—these activities which had been thought below the dignity of social investigation—altered the course of history, and that not only in Britain.

Thus in investigating the 'new unionism', as it was called at the time, this brilliantly good-looking young woman, born into the highest ranks of the new class of captains of industry, and this strange, odd, awkward young civil servant from the lower middle class, united to accomplish one of the first major pieces of genuinely scientific field-work in sociology. They set out to discover how the British wage earners were organizing themselves into stable and powerful association. Travelling indefatigably about the country, investigating the origins, the congresses, the disputes, the doctrines, the rule books of what were at that time obscure and unpopular organizations, they brought into the light of consciousness what was to prove one of the decisive social processes of modern times.



The Webbs in the early days of their marriage

The establishment of trade unionism was one of the two decisive events which have modified the supposedly unalterable laws of capitalist development. The other decisive development was the establishment of political democracy under universal franchise; and, as the Webbs' book showed, these two events were linked together at a hundred points. It was out of and through the struggle of the trade unions, emancipated by the Cross Acts, struck down again by the courts, forming, in challenge and response, the Labour Representation Committee, and so the Labour Party, that the British wage earners won their political as well as their industrial influence. It was these two interlocked developments which falsified Marx's prediction that the fate of wage earners in a capitalist society must be 'ever-increasing misery'. And that has changed everything. But all this was far from obvious when the Webbs sat down to write *The History of Trade Unionism*. It was an act of faith to see that the obscure doings of rude men in Lancashire and Durham, or in the East End of London, were going to change the world. Yet by their exertions and their example, change the world they have.

It is curious to recall that Lenin translated the Webbs' book into Russian during one of his Siberian exiles. He evidently considered it of immense importance. But what did he think of its intensely cautious pragmatism, of the refusal of the Webbs to raise virtually any theoretical structure upon the immense factual groundwork of the book?

But let us turn to their lives. In the next period, in the Edwardian Age, in the nineteen-hundreds, it was the lives rather than the books of the Webbs which counted. From the turn of the century to 1914 they were the heart and core of the Fabian Society. In that brilliant, quarrelsome, extraordinary body, with Wells, Shaw, Leo Amery, and the young G. D. H. Cole, all brilliantly disputatious, the Webbs formed a central ballast and basis.

In the nineteen-hundreds, it is interesting to remember, the Webbs were by no means irrevocably committed to the nascent Labour Party. It was part of their Fabian philosophy of penetra-



'Arranging Society: Mr. Sidney Webb on his birthday, 1914': a cartoon by Max Beerbohm in the collection of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

tion that they were as willing to work towards socialism through the Liberal, or even the Conservative Parties, if those parties could be cajoled or persuaded into serving their purposes. It was not until what they regarded as the breakdown of the old social system in the first world war—it was not until after 1914—that Sidney became a practical political leader of the Labour Party as well as a Fabian theorist. In 1918, at the end of the war, he and Henderson played a decisive part in re-forming the Labour Party as a national party with individual membership, whilst yet retaining its original character of the 'Labour Representation Committee' of the trade unions. And it was then that Sidney drafted Clause 4 of the Constitution which has been so much in the news in the last few months, that Clause which defines the common ownership of the *means* of production as a necessary basis for a reasonable and equitable distribution of the fruits of production.

Soon after this the Webbs produced what is to my mind their second best book, after *The History of Trade Unionism*. This is *The Decay of Capitalist Civilization* (1923). They were convinced, as early as the beginning of the nineteen-twenties, that capitalism, not merely as an economic but also as a social system, would never recover from its *felo de se* in the first world war. And this short book contains by far their sharpest—if you will by far their most left-wing—critique of the society which surrounded them. Its earlier companion volume, *A Constitution for a Socialist Commonwealth in Great Britain*, is frankly unreadable. It reveals the negative side, the limitations, of this great man and woman. There is a startling formalism, and a rigidly pedestrian spirit, about this attempt to foresee how socialism might be organized in Britain, a formalism which ignored many things which would, in fact, profoundly modify the real development of society.

It was at this period of their lives that I first met the Webbs. It was in 1923 and I had just joined the Labour Party. They asked me to dine at their house on Millbank. I remember Beatrice peering at me quizzically and asking: 'Now, on which side of us are you young people coming up now? We notice (the 'we' was always royal) that first a generation of young socialists comes up well to the left of us and then the next generation comes up well to the right of us. Now where are you, Mr. Strachey?' My answer in those days ought to have been that I did not know where I was. But it was true that the Webbs remained massively placed at the centre of British socialism.

By the nineteen-twenties, Sidney was launched on his active political career. He was a member of the Labour Party Executive and he took office as President of the Board of Trade in the 1924 Labour Government. But his real test as a practical politician came five years later in the second Labour Government of 1929. In that Government he was Secretary of State for Dominion and Colonial Affairs. He was an industrious and competent departmental Minister.

But now another of the limitations of the Webbs came disastrously to the fore. Events, in their remorseless way, began to reveal the fact that both Sidney and Beatrice were great sociologists but by no means great economists. Their powers of economic analysis, as distinct from description, were severely limited. Sidney, no doubt, was a well-trained economist who knew extremely well economics up to and including Marshall. But

somehow the subject had gone dead in his mind. He did not really believe that there was anything much new to say or think or do about economics.

Therefore when the catastrophe of the great slump struck the second Labour Government like a cyclone; when unemployment, which that Government had been elected to cure, or at any rate to combat, rose tidally to engulf it, the Webbs had nothing to offer. I was a young Labour M.P. at the time, and I, and other more important people than myself, tried desperately to make them and our other leaders face the issue. Keynes, it is true, had not then worked out the theoretical basis for the maintenance of full employment. Nevertheless, he had got the rough outline of how to set about the thing well in his mind. We young people in the Labour Movement were in touch with him and we were

convinced that whether he was right or wrong, an attempt to combat unemployment on some sort of Keynesian lines was the one hope for the Government. Such an attempt might very likely fail, but it was certain that if it was not even made the Government would go down, not only to defeat but to discredit.

As I remember it, the Webbs did not so much actively disagree with the Keynesian analysis and prescription; it was rather that they were not really interested in it one way or the other. It was the inequalities, wastes, and injustices of the capitalist system which had produced their socialism. Both theoretically and practically, unemployment was to them essentially a passing phase of the trade cycle rather than the centre of the picture. So the two leading theorists of the Labour Party failed even to see the necessity of making an attempt to find a way out along Keynesian lines.

On the other hand, when the crash came in 1931, as come it duly did, the Webbs' reaction was in the end far reaching. For some time they seemed numbed by the political catastrophe; but, in the end, they came near to what was in effect the orthodox

Marxist conclusion. By an extraordinary but logical process these arch-reformists, the very authors of that watchword of the British Labour Movement 'the inevitability of gradualness', came, at the very end of their lives, to despair of the possibility of reforming the capitalist system. To them, just as to myself, in the nineteen-thirties, it looked as if the decay of capitalist civilization had become irrevocable. We failed to see the extraordinary fact that Keynes's diagnosis and remedy, combined with the obstinate strength, industrial and political, of the wage earners, and combined, too, with the terrific jolt which the second world war was to give to British society, would create a far more favourable opportunity for reformism in the latter part of the twentieth century than had ever existed before.

I never knew the Webbs well but I did occasionally go down to Liphook and see them during this period. I remember them telling me on one occasion that Keynes had been there the weekend before and that he was heartbroken by the fact that the *General Theory*, two years after its publication, had apparently fallen completely flat; that the economists were ignoring it; that nobody would pay any attention to it. I could not help noticing that Beatrice, at any rate, evidently thought that the book's apparent failure was inevitable; that it was a last despairing attempt to find a reformist way out which did not exist.

It was not that the Webbs had become communists. They still did not grasp, and were not really interested in, the whole massive



In later life: Sidney and Beatrice Webb in their garden at Passfield Corner, near Liphook

body of Marxist theory; but they had despaired of reformism. Their reaction was to go to Russia and to write that extraordinary and, to be frank, preposterous book, *Soviet Communism, a New Civilisation*, published in 1935.

I vividly remember the impression which it made on me at the time. I was then much nearer to the communists than the Webbs ever became; but even I was staggered by the book's utter lack of any critical analysis of Russian society. It was not that the Webbs had seen Stalin's Russia as it was and had come to the conclusion that, nevertheless, since capitalism seemed to be dying, the Soviet system had to be accepted, with all its horrors, as the only remaining way out for human civilization. That was a tenable proposition. But that was not the Webbs' reaction. Their huge, two-volume work gave the impression of taking Soviet society utterly at its face value. Their extraordinary formalism came out above all in their account of the political side of Soviet society. They described it as if it were in reality what it was on paper. Their formalism showed in their extraordinary belief that if a constitution said that democratic elections were to take place, that meant that they actually did take place. But there was also a fixed determination to see in Soviet Russia the hope of the world. They would not despair; therefore they had to have some repository for their hope. And they found it, not as many of the rest of us did, by concluding that the nightmarish features

of Stalin's Russia had to be accepted as the inevitable birth pangs of a new civilization: they found it by firmly shutting their eyes to the existence of any such features. Of course, they were old people by now.

It would be wholly wrong, however, to end this talk on a note of depreciation. The mistakes of a man and woman such as the Webbs are incidental and drop away in the tide of history. Their constructive achievements alone remain. It was said of a general in the last war: 'To say that he made mistakes is merely to say that he made war'. In the same way we may say of the Webbs: 'To say that they made mistakes is merely to say that they made social theory'. Their theory deeply influenced what has become the major left-wing party in a virtually two-party system. The Labour Party might have been a very different thing without the life and theory of the Webbs.

Thus every British wage earner is profoundly in debt to the Webbs. They are concretely and financially in debt to them: for whether they know it or not, and whether they vote Labour or Conservative, the standard of life which the British wage earners now enjoy has been in some measure built up by the lives of this man and woman. The strange partnership of this prosaic, ugly, able little man, with a woman in her own way intensely romantic, laid down many of the lines of action by which the wage earners have won full status in British society.

—Third Programme

The Idea of a Place

By WILLIAM TOWNSEND

THE sight from those observation platforms which contractors now provide for us always absorbs me. When the scaffolding and the hoardings are at last removed and I see a new building across the street, depression often returns; there is not much more excitement than that of novelty in most of the new buildings in London—and not even much novelty either. But there are a few now that do better than this and one of my favourites is the towering block of flats you see as you walk northwards from St. Paul's past Aldersgate Station. This block is the main feature of the still incomplete group of buildings of the Golden Lane estate. It is a sixteen-storey slab, pale yellow and pale grey, with an object something like a pagoda roof hoisted at the top of it, as though some exotic pavilion were alighting from a magic journey. If the whole building appears a fairly decisive rejection of the way Londoners are used to living, this adds an almost provocative note, all the sharper as the tower rises from an area of shabbiness not much altered since the war.

Around St. Giles, Cripplegate, a stone's throw to the south, that purposeless kind of landscape survives which was so familiar for years after the war, almost empty of people throughout the day, full of the fragments and rubble of city buildings. A few weeks ago I looked across the shrubby no-man's-land where

until recently the surviving church towers were the most useful landmarks, which is now being invaded from several directions by large office blocks. Few of them, I thought, were worth much attention. The contrast of their new surfaces with the untidiness of overgrown plots only emphasized their brashness, the multiplication of regular features against the irregularity of ruin brought out an unnecessary inhumanity. Perhaps what look like bad proportions will not matter as the gaps fill up, but it is a rather joyless pile that is being heaped together, and I thought that the Golden Lane group looked as bold and assured as any, yet also humane in their company.

I have only mentioned the massive central block so far. This is only the largest of almost a dozen buildings, which are linked round it on a roughly rectangular site and leave it standing free

in the middle as the focus of a number of interconnected courtyards. Among these blocks there are not only differences of height and size and function but, equally important, there are variations in character. For instance, the one you might look at first if you approached from Golden Lane itself, where the main entrances are, is subtly different from any of the others. It is a four-storey block with a colonnaded pavement recessed into its ground floor. Where the building ends the colonnade continues as



Part of the Golden Lane estate (architects Chamberlin, Powell and Bon) in the City of London: a four-storey block with a colonnaded pavement recessed into its ground floor and continuing as a covered way across the entrance to a sunken court

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covered way across the entrance to a sunken court. This block is rather more severe than the others; its ends are defined by the thickness of a solid wall, and this end wall itself is a white glazed brick slab with two small square windows as its only features. There is a sense of containment, of slight defensiveness, and an inclination to look the other way.

But when you pass under the colonnade where it is open towards the courtyard you find that this blank side wall—the one with the two windows—quizzes but does not hold you as you glance past it towards the central tower of flats. From this approach the main block, a slab rather than a tower, faces you with a fine undefended confidence. Two strips of grey-painted concrete balconies scale the surface like ladders right to the top. The bands of windows run sideways into the angles of the building which have a fine-drawn quality, delicately describing the dimensions without cutting the mass of the whole block too crudely from its surroundings.

To me the way the angles are defined seems very important in these high buildings, for if high buildings are to become part of a landscape of slabs and towers they should not insist too much on their mass, outline or frame it too strongly, or appear as dense sculptural masses which could become mere competing monuments. If the light can play through their edges or the sky reflect itself in windows, or on the surface, right to the limits of the walls, then the movement of the eye from one building to another is not hindered; it travels around them and back again and links them into a larger urban scenery of air and structures. You get that here; the feeling, even from within the enclosures of the court where you enjoy the comfortable privacy of precincts, that the building is rising freely above its ground-floor existence to make contact beyond these courts with unseen neighbours, near and distant.

I was interested enough to wish to see what these architectural neighbours are, and I went to the top of the tower to have a look at them. There is a garden up there, with a pool of water, a few shrubs and flowers, the lift gear, flights of steps this way and that, and a sheltered look-out from beneath the curved spreading roof that houses the water-tanks—some semblance of an upper deck of a space-ship. The City lies to the south, banked up beyond the derelict space soon to be covered by the long-debated Barbican scheme, which will have towers much higher than this one. Take a last look at the City, though, crowding up solidly, like a cliff, with its streets as deep as canyons and the churches drowning in a flood of masonry. St. Vedast's charming spire, like an arm held up to say goodbye, will soon become no more than a piece of street furniture, and all the rest are going with it, following St. Magnus that has been immured so long we have almost forgotten what a beautiful church it is.

When I turned in the opposite direction I saw a dingy panorama of lower buildings sprawling towards the shallow hills of northern London and as confusing as if it had been shot out of a sack. Immediately to the north there is a group of high blocks of flats on an irregular plan so that the tops appear to be turning about each other; a little farther to the north-east, but still no great distance, are two large rectangles housing a community perhaps



The Claredale Street scheme, Bethnal Green (architects Denys Lasdun and Partners): a 'group of towers set diagonally to each other and linked inwards to a central column'

as big as the one in Golden Lane; further still are more of these high new buildings breaking upwards through the old settled crust of London. You see them soaring above the small grey streets, bright, clean, striped, and bold, as though ancient nearby villages once huddled among the trees and marshes of Shoreditch and Hoxton were rising again in a new form—places distinct from their surroundings and different from each other, to which one could again take a walk to meet friends or to call at another pub for a change of beer; not merely, I like to think, much larger buildings among a million others. At Golden Lane at least the whole conception of this cluster of buildings must have involved such an idea—the idea of a place. For the rejection of tradition is only apparent; there is, in fact, controlling the whole scheme a warm belief in the living tradition of Londoners.

In London, as at least all Londoners know, we live in small groups of streets, the size of a small country town or large village, islanded between the traffic thoroughfares. The stores, banks, official buildings, and bus routes, the common property of everyone, mark the main thoroughfares, where we reach our frontiers and make contact with strangers; between the thoroughfares are the dwellings, the shops and pubs that serve small communities, knowing the needs and faces of individuals. Thousands of Londoners set off in the morning from such inward-looking villages and are welcomed home to them at evening. The Golden Lane site, an area of seven acres, has been turned into an up-to-date version of this, where 1,400 people can live and walk about and be neighbours. The large slab, the high and low terraces of flats and maisonettes, form between themselves a series of courtyards opening one into the next, as they do in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, with three-quarters of the area free for people to walk in.

The courts are at varying levels; one has a formal garden, one a pool, one is for games, and one has a bastion like the relic of fortifications, there simply for its shape and touch of surprise. Even without the trees that will one day grow there they are already agreeably diversified in appearance and the way you might feel about them and wish to use them. I talked to an old lady who lives in one of the ground-floor flats; she can no longer walk out, but from one direction through the colonnade she can watch the street, and from her balcony, in the other direction, she can see wild duck sometimes on the pool in the courtyard, and the community centre and the lawn and the high tower at the back. She enjoys something both of the village and of an outside world and said it was 'Heaven'—not a definition of anything that I find comes easily but I take it to mean that people can live happily here. It really is better than a clump of buildings; a place has been created here, small enough for you to come on round the corner from the station but large enough to settle down in or grow up in and perhaps to love.

From Golden Lane—from high enough up—you can see at least one other new object of great architectural distinction. That is the clustered tower of flats two miles away in Bethnal Green. And if you want to appreciate the magnitude of the problem that has made these huge buildings a necessity, then Bethnal Green is a good place to go to. The housing problem hits you in the face:

the evidence of need lies on the ground all over the place—obsolescent streets, ragwort-filled plots behind wire fences, windowless ruins of shops and hollow shells of houses still waiting for the picks of the demolition contractors. Among the new developments there is something to be said for a little of this remaining; I mean a little of something to the old scale. The man-height, one-family-and-a-cat scale ought still to make a claim to live among the processions of twelve-storey slabs; it is comforting to have the freshly painted tiny houses of Durant Place, for instance, still running into Old Bethnal Green Road while the elephantine blocks rear up overhead.

The Claredale Street scheme, the most imposing of many in Bethnal Green, needs them too. The buildings are impressive and their conception is one of great force, but they have about them an air of obsessive concern with strength and defence that makes them slightly daunting, like city walls or dockside warehouses in Bristol or Liverpool. From my point of view there is a discrepancy between the visual effect of these buildings and the admirable solution of a social problem that they provide. I believe that by the very facts of their design—especially perhaps those of the high cluster of linked towers—they do encourage people living there to come together as a community. Yet I find myself slightly daunted. This group of towers set diagonally to each other and linked inwards to a central column looks from a distance like some great rock, cleft from top to bottom and waiting to fall majestically apart; within the cluster some extraordinary shapes are produced, frightening as those invented by Piranesi, and as far as I can see useless though architecturally expressive in a very undomestic way.

The vast horizontal block set against this tower is a noble, even a heroic, idea, but it evokes some of the same doubts. Why are there so few entrances and exits, why do the grey bands of brick confine it so unrelentingly, and why does it look so fortified from the lawns that surround it? Why are the lawns surrounded by railings with so few gates? They seem only to keep people off the grass, and the cigarette packets and paper wrappings safe from salvaging. I have not been inside these buildings; there is no reason why good dovecotes should not look like fortresses, they often have done, and there are good answers to these questions; but regarding them as a simple onlooker and finding only answers in aesthetics, I felt uncomfortable.

These buildings—and this Claredale Street scheme consists of many and large ones too—are certainly not depressing through

being mediocre, boring, or without character: on the contrary. There is plenty of character and something unaccountable about that character, disturbing perhaps in the scale it suggests; there is an ambiguity in the scale, just as one feels in Hawksmoor's churches. Taking the towers, the dominant feature in each of the schemes I have discussed, I would say that this tower cluster, compared with the block in Golden Lane, was almost too much of a gigantic brute object, dominating lesser objects, holding them in focus, but isolated and unmanageable in a wider view.

Still, this scheme in Bethnal Green, like others in the same borough, like the complex of buildings forming a piazza along Roman Road—this is architecture and not mere development, and much to be grateful for. How much better to live with, when all is said, than such wilfully grandiose affairs as those which now cover the noble area east of St. Paul's, those large office buildings in a Georgian style, surely lugubrious monuments to spiritual inertia. Beauty has been courted there but as though it was something embalmed from the age of Pope, as though the intellectual order, invulnerable poise, taste and manners of that age could be recovered to guide us visually: quite the reverse. Pope is recalled, but Pope crying out 'Lo, chaos, thy dread empire is restor'd, Light flies before thy uncreating word'. So there, behind St. Paul's, we have the showy side of the dullness that besets us; the other made up by the egg-crates and slab-framed morgues of concrete which may be fine for the promoter, even for the occupier, but which have so few virtues for the beholder.

The two groups of buildings I have been discussing are so much more than either of these. They are enlivening rather than deadening to contemplate and make one hope for London rather than despair. For there is about such high buildings more than the excitement of unaccustomed height and variety of scale. As the church spires sink beneath the general mass they make the horizon alive again. They have become as aesthetically necessary as they were economically desirable, as Sir William Holford concluded in deliberating on the precinct of St. Paul's. But beyond that I cannot help feeling a kind of relief at seeing them there, as though they were something we should not be without, something one has to have these days, like nylon and neon signs and television; and this not to make sure we do not feel inferior to the United States or Brazil, but because they stand in a special way, like abstract painting, good or bad, for where human societies have really got to. How nice it is when they are good to look at as well.—*Third Programme*

A Visit to Van Gogh

at the Asylum of Saint-Paul-du-Mausolée

The French bus halts on the Plateau of Antiques
Unloads its cargo on the sweating square,
The Arch of Glanum, cut with vines and captives,
Explodes in triumph on the Roman air.
In their mausolée, Caius and young Lucius
Watch the white mountain from their cage of bone
And the shot city, untongued by disaster,
Burns on the blue a hundred flames of stone.

Wearing the straw hat of the sun, the mad sun -
I strolled the staring sulphur flowers by.
Paint streamed like Christ's blood in the firmament.
Stone-pine and cypress crucified the sky.
An exclamation of black baking olives
Silenced the stunning light. I pulled the bell.
You are, she seemed to say who made an answer,
Seventy years late. Enter. We know you well.

Down the dead path the whining of a fountain.
Tin voices overhead of birds, bells, clocks.
The awful silence of the pot geranium
At God knows what wrecks on these flowers, these rocks.
In the drowned cloister the white wading rose tree
Wrote on the water's throat its gift of gall,
Lanced with thorn the torn air, the enormous answer
To the cold question of the asylum wall.

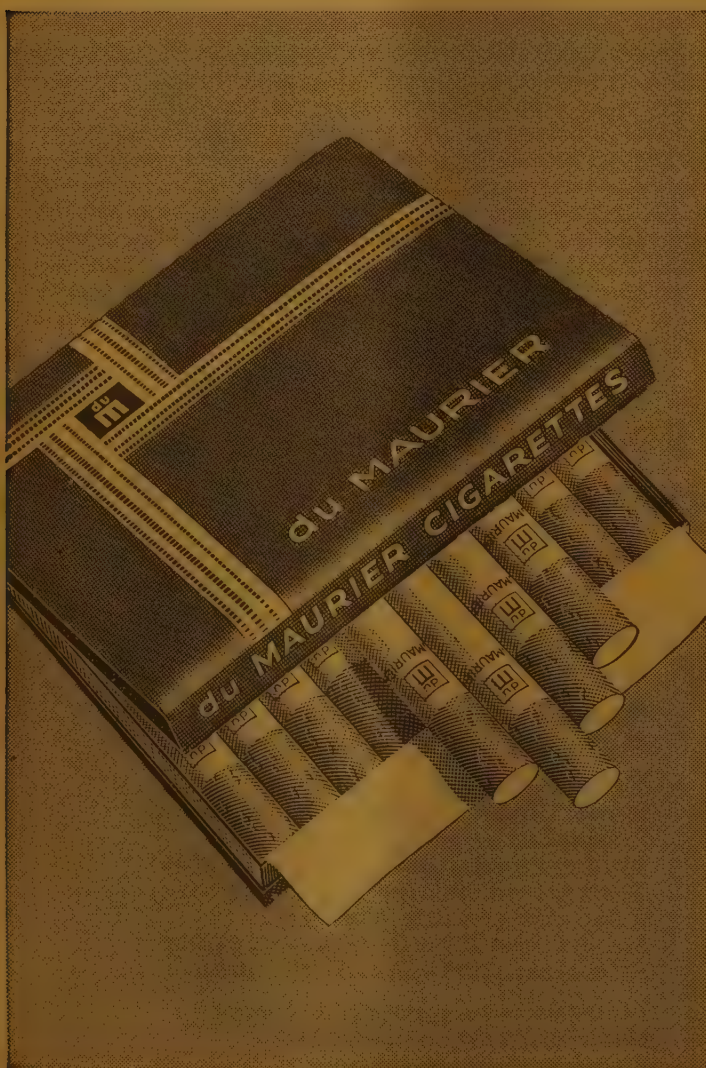
A priest with shilling hair, boots and a cycle
Clumped past to benediction, eyes away.
The roof has fallen on the painter's studio.
Is out of bounds. To come another day.
Another day? I crossed, I said, a lifetime
To hold this vine, these olives in my hand.
He hurried with pure pom-faced nuns. *The service*
Must take its usual course, you understand?

You wish to see him? The old woman pointed:
A dusted field-path stitched with oil and vines.
I walked into the golden gape of summer.
The mountain slept, showed prehistoric spines.
Turning, I met the long glare of the madhouse,
A single unbarred stare, a square eye.
See, he is here! It was the old woman, waving
At mountain, meadow, air and tree and sky.

I saw, that storied summer at the bus stop
Under basilicas of birds, a marble eye
Flash from the fettered arch, the trim mausolée
Slung, hard as history, on the heavy sky.
The man ignored, I said, your obvious story.
Did you remark him as he passed you by?
On their proud pillar, Lucius and young Caius
Combed their stone hair, laughed, and made no reply.

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Stuff and Science

By JOHN WREN-LEWIS

IT is often suggested that the materialism of science has corrupted the values of society. On the one hand, it is said, we have totalitarian governments prepared to manipulate people as if they were just lumps of matter, while on the other hand the democratic societies are in danger of losing their freedom through being preoccupied with material comforts. I believe this to be an entirely false reading of our situation. The most science has ever done has been to expose a materialism already inherent in people's thought or way of living, and today the advance of science and technology is doing more than anything else could do to cure us of the sort of materialism that is socially, morally, or religiously objectionable.

'Healthy' Materialism—

When Archbishop William Temple said that Christianity was the most materialistic of all religions, he was clearly not intending the word to carry a derogatory sense. He was referring to the positive value that orthodox Christianity gives to physical nature, and in particular the human body, as contrasted with the attitude of some Eastern religions and certain Christian heresies, which have regarded all physical things as inherently impure and corrupt. In this sense I would certainly agree with him that materialism is a thoroughly healthy thing. Even in this sense, however, it is not produced by science. The fruits of science may encourage it to spread, but logically and psychologically the optimistic attitude to nature was necessary before science as we know it today could come into being.

Yet most people use the term 'materialism' to mean something negative, not something positive. In the first place, they use it to describe the sort of philosophy which holds that everything can be reduced to matter and treated as such, and it is this reductionism which is believed to carry undesirable social consequences. Even this definition requires some clarification since the word 'matter' is far from unambiguous. I have often heard people attribute all the moral ills of our civilization to the influence of the Newtonian concept of matter as composed of billiard-ball atoms, but in fact there have been avowedly materialist philosophers holding all sorts of different scientific views of what matter is. In truth, the essence of materialistic philosophy is the logical concept of matter underlying all particular scientific concepts, and that is simply the concept of 'stuff'—stuff that can be manipulated, the material of which all particular forms of physical existence are composed.

—or Inhumanity and Tyranny

A materialistic philosophy in this negative sense therefore means one which holds that everything in the world, including people, can ultimately be understood in terms of the sort of calculation that is appropriate to manipulating 'stuff'; it is a philosophy which believes the universe is fundamentally only a system of 'stuff' spread out in space and time, within which we have to work out how to make our way, individually or collectively. And if such a philosophy is carried consistently into action it will produce the sort of outlook on life that the man in the street calls materialistic—preoccupation with utilitarian considerations, and willingness to believe that other people can be manipulated as 'mere material' for whatever ends the materialist has in view. I believe the man in the street is showing real logical penetration, not just being philosophically naive, when he uses the same term to cover reductionist materialism in philosophy and the inhumanity of selfish men or tyrannical states.

I contend that science has neither produced nor even encouraged this sort of materialism. Indeed, I do not believe this sort of materialism is any more prevalent today than it ever was, either in philosophy or in practice. The cosmologies of earlier civiliza-

tions may seem less materialistic at first sight, because they were expressed in terms of words like 'God' and 'spirit', but if we penetrate to their essential logic we shall find, I believe, that it was often just as mechanistic, just as based on calculation, as the world-view of any nineteenth-century physicist, or even of a modern Marxist. Calculations done to discern the movements of astrological powers are just as much calculations as those done to work out the operations of electrical forces: a universe composed of spheres of so-called spiritual substance is just as much a system of 'stuff' spread out in space and time as a universe of intergalactic matter: above all, working out how to behave in order to appease a Supreme Manipulator above the skies and secure comfort in heaven is just as materialistic, both logically and ethically, as working out how to improve physical comforts here and now or usher in the socialist Utopia. I believe if one analyses what the great religious cosmologies of the past really meant to most people, both thinkers and plebs, one will find that terms like 'God' and 'spirit' were no more than labels on the bottle—the contents, the outlook on life, was as materialistic as if they had talked about billiard-ball atoms.

Ruthless Manipulation

The same is true on the practical side. In the so-called ages of faith tyrants could and did manipulate people like lumps of matter in the name of supposedly spiritual causes, as ruthlessly as the tyrants of so-called scientific materialism in the Communist countries today. And even though there were far fewer goods to go round before the coming of modern technology—indeed, precisely because of this—ordinary people were if anything more capable of being dehumanized by utilitarian preoccupation than they are today. The belief that the daily round was undertaken to fulfil the commands of the Great Manipulator, or to achieve so-called spiritual gains after death, in most cases only disguised the dehumanizing process—it in no way really ameliorated it.

Of course, religion has always opposed this sort of materialism in principle, but it has usually been undermined by the very thing it was meant to oppose, so that religious language has been used to consecrate policies based on a radically irreligious outlook. That is why so many pioneers and prophets of religion have called for a complete change of outlook as the first condition of true belief. A really religious or non-materialistic outlook has been rare in every civilization, and my own belief is that it is actually becoming commoner with the growth of our scientific and technological society, in spite of there being on the whole much less profession of religion, and in spite of—indeed, because of—a greater practical emphasis on the study of physical things.

A really religious or non-materialistic outlook would be one in which calculation took second place to the sort of attitude that is really appropriate to personal beings—in other words, it is an approach to the world in which the basic and most important thing is the spontaneous meeting of people as people, and all calculation is subservient to that end, however important it may be for handling material things in the service of human relationships. It is the universal warning of the great prophets and pioneers of religion, especially in the biblical tradition, that without this spiritual view of the ordinary world of people, professions of belief in God are meaningless. If a man says 'I love God' and manipulates his brother like a lump of matter, he is a liar. On the other hand, once the ordinary world is seen in this personal way, belief in a universal Creator Spirit can arise naturally out of the experience of meeting particular human spirits, since there is in every really personal relationship a common factor, a creative power of love which even low-grade romantic literature suggests may indeed be experienced as both universal and transcendent. The Hollywood film says: 'This thing is bigger than both of us'. St. John had many fewer illusions about what love really is than

Hollywood, but he was referring to the same essential fact of experience when he said: 'He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him'. The logical origin of genuine belief in God is the decision to take this experience of human relationships seriously. The belief that God is also the creator of the non-human, material universe is possible because, and only because, when we do take the experience of involvement with another person seriously the whole universe is seen to be contained in that involvement—the whole world lives in the light of the relationship', as Martin Buber puts it.

Abstractions of Time and Space

The interesting thing is that the progress of science today is continuously pushing us towards just this sort of revolution in outlook. For example, when it seemed likely that the stars were only a few hundred miles above the earth, the notion of the stellar universe as basically a huge material system spread out in space and containing us was feasible, even though the stars were supposed to be the homes of angelic spirits. The first stage of scientific astronomy consisted of the conscious recognition that if the mechanical system spread out in space and time was indeed the basic reality, the possibility of spirits indwelling the stars, or even of an infinite designer behind the scenes, was really irrelevant. This in itself was an advance, in my judgment, inasmuch as it exposed a common deception, but today, when astronomers have pushed their analyses further, we have an entirely new situation. When they tell us they can make sense of their measurements only by assuming that our sun is but one star in a galaxy of more than 100,000,000, which light itself takes 6,000 years to cross, and even this is only one of innumerable galaxies all receding away from each other at millions of miles a second—can we make any sense at all of the words 'distance' or 'space' in terms like these? Are we not compelled, even apart from the more radical discoveries of relativity theory, to recognize that space and time are abstractions?

Again, so long as the physical world was supposed to consist of four elements the notion of the universe as all composed of 'stuff' was feasible, even though the elements were supposed to have spiritual properties. The first achievement of chemical science was to show that a consistent doctrine of 'elements' required rather more than four, and had no need of any spiritual properties. Today, however, when physicists have analysed the elements still further, and tell us that the ultimate constituents of matter must be both particles and waves at the same time, must be able to jump from one place to another without passing through the space in between, and may well be appearing continually from literally nowhere throughout space—can we make any sense at all of the word 'stuff' in terms like these? An American physicist recently said that the constituents into which modern physics analyses matter are only 'hypostasized interactions'. Are we not compelled to recognize that the concept of matter existing entirely by itself is also only an abstraction?

First Step in a Changed Outlook

The advance of science today seems to be exploding the materialistic view of the universe from within, and forcing us to recognize, as never before, that the real world cannot be captured within the categories of material calculation. This is only the first step of the change of outlook for which genuine religion calls, but in this case, as in the case of the monk who was alleged to have got up and walked after being guillotined, the first step is probably what counts! Physical science cannot itself in the nature of the case take us beyond this first step, just because its categories are those of material calculation; but on the other hand the very fact that it has achieved such immense practical success with its models and formulae, even though they can no longer be regarded as simple copies of the world, and often indeed defy conception except in abstruse mathematical terms—this very fact surely suggests that a further stage in the religious revolution in outlook is at least worth considering seriously.

The ancient Jewish mystics expressed this revolution in the myth of the Adam Kadmon, or Universal Man in whom the whole universe was embraced: they held that the reality of all material things was to serve as words in the intercourse of man

with man. It seems to me that scientists are behaving exactly as if this were true when they eschew metaphysical interpretations of the material world—when they refuse, in other words, to try to postulate occult essences behind the scenes of experience—and insist rather on sticking to the construction of models or formulae which communicate to other scientists the possibility of carrying out experiments. I freely admit this does not prove anything, and that scientists themselves often think in entirely different terms, but it seems to me highly suggestive—and the suggestion receives powerful reinforcement from several trends in the development of science itself today, even of physical science. I am referring particularly here to relativity theory and the modern discipline known as communication theory, which have shown that many equations thought to describe basic laws of physical nature can in fact be derived from logical and mathematical analysis of the fact that the world we observe or operate upon is, precisely, the common medium of our human intercommunication.

Still more powerful suggestions of this kind come from the science which investigates human personality itself, the science of psychology. Here it has been found that in dreams and other 'relaxed' states of consciousness, when the practical organizing faculty of the mind is as it were off guard, apparently impersonal objects appear to be able to symbolize our (largely repressed) problems of personal relationship. Again, this certainly cannot prove anything, but it strongly suggests that every object as we actually know it is indeed an interpersonal object, and that we only picture the world as an impersonal 'place' containing our relationships by dint of repressing the personal references of everything we know. Nor is that all. From psychology, particularly of the analytic variety, there come suggestions of the final stage in the religious revolution, the recognition of the continuous creation of persons by a power beyond themselves. Certainly psychology today gives indisputable evidence of our dependence, as persons, on the activity of love in our personal relationships; and Freud himself, who believed himself to be an atheist, was so impressed by this that he felt compelled to use religious language, suggesting that the power of love might indeed be transcendent in character—he called it Eternal Eros.

A Question Forced upon Us

For most scientists, however, as for Freud himself, religion is still identified with the superstitions which were really materialistic ideas disguised in spiritual terms, and this makes them suspicious of religious conclusions. Nevertheless, it is highly significant that science has exploded the materialist picture of the world from within just at the point when the advances due to applied science have made it possible, for the first time in history, for ordinary people to realize that there *can* be anything more to life than the sheer toil of material labour, and when moreover the material power at our disposal has become so great that people are practically forced to ask, as never before, what the whole business of using things is for.

Before the coming of modern technology it was possible to dodge this question by giving mythological sanctification both to the business of work itself and to the natural tribal groups in which people co-operated for their work. Today this is becoming less and less possible. With modern weapons of war, for instance, people are no longer prepared to take it for granted that their national groupings are inherently sacred and automatically worthy of the total loyalty of the individual—they will give their loyalty only when they are really convinced that the group in question serves some genuine human good; and, at the same time, the increase of material welfare has become so great, in the main civilized countries, that people are no longer prepared to see the human good merely in terms of further increase, and they begin to look again at their relationships with one another to see where, in them, the ultimate good lies. The advance of technology, in fact, also leads to the explosion of materialism from within, including the explosion of the old disguises for materialism which were provided by giving mythological sanctification to the generally accepted system of nature.

As von Balthasar puts it: 'Nature can no longer be an alibi for man, since it leads him patiently and irrevocably back to himself'. And if science and technology do this for us, they may also lead us back—or perhaps it should be forward—to God.

—Third Programme

The Sky at Night

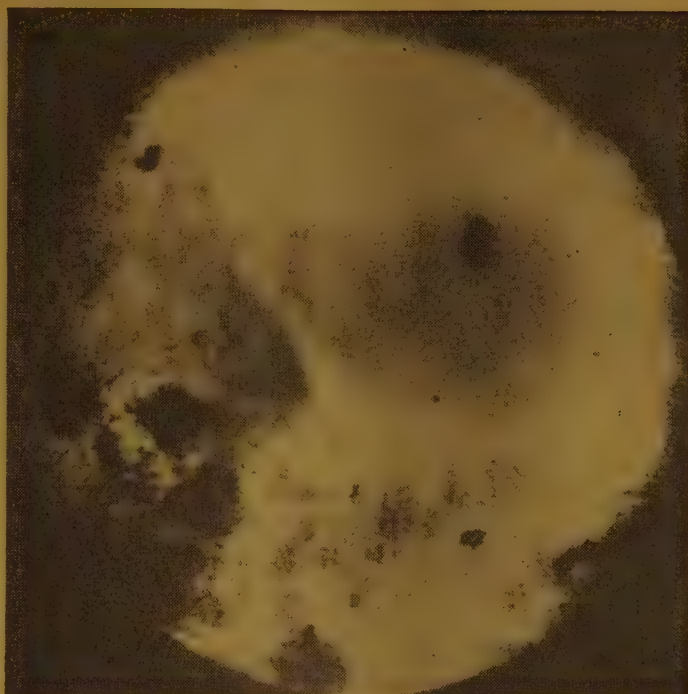
Landing Instruments on the Moon

By PATRICK MOORE

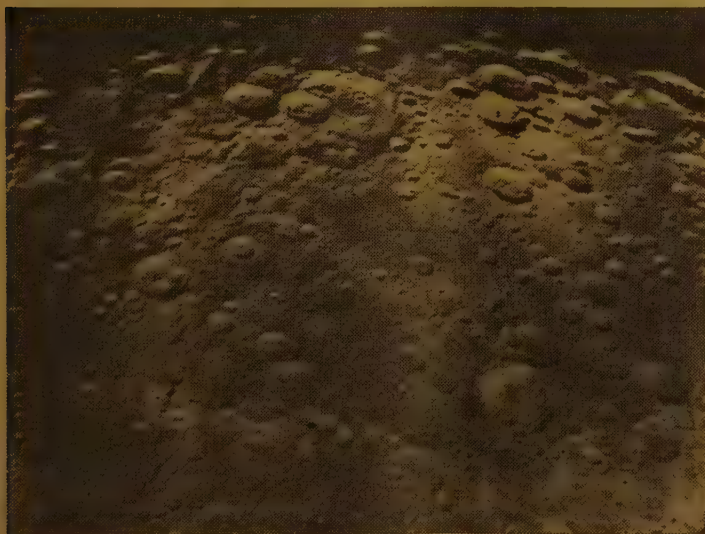
LUNAR research has shown rapid progress during the past few years. Now that rockets have been sent to the Moon, and there is every chance that men will land there within the next decade or so, professional astronomers as well as amateurs are paying close attention to selenography.

The most striking development has of course been the photographing of the reverse side of the Moon, which is always turned away from the Earth. This was achieved by the Russian vehicle Lunik III in October of last year. The pictures—which were first shown in Britain during the 'Sky at Night' programme on October 26, 1959—were amazingly good considering the circumstances under which they were taken. However, they are naturally lacking in definition compared with ordinary photographs, and large areas of the reverse side of the Moon appear blank. This has led to the suggestion that the newly-examined regions are much smoother and less crater-scarred than the old.

A thorough analysis of the Lunik results has now been made, and an atlas of the new regions is shortly to be published in Russia. There seems to be no justification for the view that fewer craters exist on the reverse side, but it is certainly correct to say that there are fewer of the large dark plains known as seas or *maria*. The most striking of these plains is the well-bordered Mare Moscovianum, or Moscow Sea (to use the nomenclature introduced by the Russians, and which is certain to be accepted throughout the world). Yet although the Mare Moscovianum shows up well on the Lunik pictures, it has a diameter of less than 200 miles, so that it is comparable with a large, dark-floored crater such as Grimaldi. This relative paucity of maria had been predicted, on theoretical grounds, by H. P. Wilkins and myself as long ago as 1952. It must be remembered that the Lunik pictures do not cover the whole of the reverse side of the Moon, but at



The side of the Moon turned away from the Earth, photographed by the Russian Lunik III in October 1959. The 'Moscow Sea' is the dark patch top right



Craters in the south-western or Fourth Quadrant of the Moon, revealed by a photograph under low lighting. This is the area on the top left of our cover photograph, which there appears almost featureless

present it seems that the prediction has been justified, since the dark areas show up clearly.

With regard to craters, the situation is different. The Lunik photograph was taken under high light, with a corresponding absence of shadows, and it is by no means sharp. Examination of a normal full-moon picture will show that the south-western or Fourth Quadrant appears almost featureless, whereas under lower lighting it is found to be one of the roughest areas of the visible part of the Moon. It seems, then, that the craters do not show up on the Lunik photograph only because of the lack of

shadows and the relatively poor definition. There is every reason to suppose that clearer pictures will reveal craters in plenty.

As seen from the Earth, a lunar crater is at its most striking when it lies near the terminator, or boundary between the daylight and night hemispheres of the Moon. Ptolemæus, a vast formation over ninety miles in diameter, is a case in point. It lies near the middle of the apparent disk, and near half-moon is an imposing object, with shadows stretching across its floor. Near full moon, however, it is by no means easy to find even when its position is known to the observer.

The length of the shadow inside a crater gives a key to the depth of the crater itself. The inner shadow is of course cast by the crater wall; the shadow-length can be measured, and since the height of the Sun above the wall is known, the depth of the crater may be calculated. The shadow measures are straightforward, though the calculations are somewhat involved. A typical small crater is Schmidt; the diameter is 12 kilometres, and my shadow measures indicate a depth of 2.1 kilometres, which is certainly of the right order.

Yet a lunar crater is by no means similar to a steep-sided well. The absolute depths are considerable, reaching 30,000 feet in the case of the huge, compound formation Newton, but the relative depths are less than might be expected. When drawn in profile, a lunar crater is seen to resemble a shallow saucer more than a well. Any explorers who landed in, say, Ptolemæus would have no feeling of being shut in by towering walls; indeed, the walls of a large crater would appear only as low, inconspicuous hills near the



Estimating the depth of a lunar crater: by measuring the length of the shadow in the crater, and calculating the altitude of the Sun above its wall, the depth of the crater may be reckoned

horizon. It is also worth remembering that on the Moon the horizon is closer than on Earth, since the lunar surface is more sharply curved.

Origin of the Craters

The question of the origin of the lunar craters has caused great controversy. Two main theories are to be considered. The craters may be due to meteoric impacts; alternatively, they may be due to volcanic action of some sort. The meteoric theory has been popular of late, and it is true that some meteoric craters must exist on the Moon. Such craters are, moreover, to be found on Earth—notably the Coon Butte crater in Arizona and the Chubb crater in North Quebec. It is pointed out that the depth-diameter ratios of terrestrial meteor craters correspond more or less to those of lunar craters, and it is even maintained that the huge *maria* such as the Mare Imbrium were similarly produced by impact.

Unfortunately there are serious drawbacks to the theory that the larger craters of the Moon are meteoric. For one thing, the distribution is not random. It is also important to note that when one crater breaks into another, as is often the case, it is always the smaller crater which damages the larger; and the walls of the disturbed formation still stand up to the point of junction. This argues against an impact origin, since the production of the intruding crater would produce a violent 'moonquake' which would cause serious damage to already-existing features nearby.

Certain features, such as the small craters on the summits of mountains and domes, seem undoubtedly to be volcanic, and indeed bear a strong resemblance to normal terrestrial volcanoes. During the past fifteen years I have catalogued over sixty such objects, and doubtless many more exist. Large lunar craters such as Ptolemæus are different in form, and some kind of uplift and subsidence process seems probable. It is also worth noting that various terrestrial vulcanoids seem to be decidedly 'lunar' in form. Typical of these is Hverfjall, near Lake Mývatn in Iceland, which I measured in July 1960 and found to have a similar depth-diameter ratio. The problem is by no means solved, and no theory yet put forward is entirely satisfactory. It is unlikely that the truth will be known until men actually reach the Moon and carry out surveys on the surface.

The Lunar Surface

Questions of this sort naturally have a bearing on our ideas as to the nature of the lunar surface. Here again there is considerable divergence of opinion. The absence of local colour has been held to indicate some sort of dusty or ashy covering, and it seems certain that dust must exist on the Moon simply because meteoric falls will pulverize the surface rocks. Assuming that the main craters are igneous, as appears likely, volcanic ash is also to be expected. Yet the depth of any dusty or ashy layer is still uncertain. An extreme view has been expressed by T. Gold, who believes the dust-layer to be kilometres thick, so that, in his words, 'space-travellers of the future will simply sink into the dust with their gear'. There are, however, many objections to this idea, both on theoretical and on observational grounds.

The lunar rocks are poor conductors of heat. At the equator, the temperature varies between +220 degrees F. at noon and -250 degrees F. at midnight, while during a lunar eclipse, when the Earth's shadow temporarily cuts off the supply of sunlight, the fall in temperature is very sharp. Some of the solar heat is reflected from the surface of the Moon, and may be measured by the use of thermocouples attached to optical telescopes; some is absorbed, and is emitted as radio waves from various depths below the visible surface. Studies of this radio emission give a clue about the structure of the lunar crust. According to Jaeger and Harper, who have paid great attention to the problem, the radio measures indicate that the dusty layer is only a few millimetres thick. Below it, presumably, lies solid rock.

Important research has recently been carried out by the Russian scientist N. Barabashov, working in collaboration with A. Chekirda at the Observatory of Kharkov. According to Barabashov, various lines of investigation show that the surface of the Moon is covered by a layer of disintegrated tufa-like rock, with grains varying in diameter from 3 to 10 millimetres. This layer would have been produced by a combination of meteoric impact, and disintegration

due to the great extremes of temperature. Barabashov maintains that the crushed layer is not more than 3 centimetres thick, and will not provide a serious hazard for manned or unmanned space-vehicles.

The Moon must be regarded as an almost inert world. There is almost no atmosphere; it is now generally believed that a very tenuous mantle remains, perhaps composed of argon produced by the decay of radioactive potassium (K.40) in the lunar rocks, but the density is so low that it corresponds to what we normally term a laboratory vacuum. It is unlikely that the lunar atmosphere is at all effective as a meteor screen. Life of any sort is not to be expected; the theory that certain dark patches and streaks may be due to primitive vegetation has been rejected, and any animal life is out of the question. Moreover, changes on the surface are slight. There is some evidence that the feature known as Linné, on the Mare Serenitatis, changed in form from a crater to a white spot, with a tiny pit in the middle, between 1843 and 1866, but this evidence has been challenged by many authorities. The most interesting development recently has been the observation of an outbreak in the crater Alphonsus, reported by N. Kozyrev, at the Crimea, on November 3, 1958. No further activity in the area has been confirmed; and in any case by terrestrial standards the disturbance must have been mild.

Establishing a Transmitting Station

The next big developments are likely to come from research with unmanned rockets. Further vehicles will be sent direct to the lunar surface, as in the case of Lunik II, which landed on the Moon in September 1959. Observations of such landings will give a key to the nature of the surface layers. We may also be confident that more vehicles will be sent round the Moon, so that better pictures of the reverse side may be obtained. A 'crash-landing' will be useful, but much more information will be drawn from a vehicle which can land on the Moon sufficiently gently to avoid destroying its instruments. Once this is achieved, we shall be provided with what is in effect a lunar transmitting station. It is hardly likely that this development will be long delayed, and there is ample justification for speculating about the types of experiments which will be carried out.

First, there is the vexed question of the presence or absence of a lunar magnetic field. Results with Luniks I and II indicate that the field is too weak to be measurable, but it is premature to regard this as conclusive. Since the mean density of the Moon is less than that of the Earth, but more or less equal to the terrestrial crust, it is reasonable to assume that the Moon lacks a comparable heavy core; this agrees well with the virtual absence of a magnetic field. It would be useful to carry out experiments with the aid of a seismograph deposited on the lunar surface. The method would presumably be much the same as for Earth, and it would be necessary to land several vehicles; one to cause an artificial 'moonquake' at a predetermined time, and the others to act as recording stations. In this way we might expect to increase our knowledge of the constitution of the outer layers of the Moon.

The collection and automatic analysis of samples of the lunar crust would be immensely valuable, and there seems no reason why it should not be carried out, though transmitting the information back to Earth would be a big problem. Looking further into the future, it will become possible to carry out astronomical observations from the Moon. We must agree that the Moon is suitable for this sort of research, largely because its atmosphere is negligible, and its surface receives the whole of the electromagnetic spectrum instead of only a small part. Here again the first results will be with automatic equipment, so that the information will have to be sent back by means of television and other techniques. Manned space-flight still lies some way ahead. Yet unless some totally unexpected difficulty appears to delay matters, men will reach the Moon sooner than would have been believed possible only a decade ago.

—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of September 27

Keep Up Your Russian, an easy anthology with grammar commentary by Dennis Ward, is a new B.B.C. publication, price 6s. This booklet has been designed to accompany the lessons being broadcast under the same title in Network III from October 6 to February 16 next year.

Report on Paper-backs

By RICHARD HOGGART

This article is based on a Feature programme broadcast in the Third Programme

IT is estimated that this year 70,000,000 paper-backs will be published in Britain. This figure includes overseas sales, which probably account for a third or more of the total, though against that one might set the imports of American paper-backs. Five years ago there were published not 70,000,000 but 25,000,000. This summer there were about 6,000 different paper-backs on sale and in print in Britain. During this year alone something like 1,000 new titles will be published in paper-back. This autumn six British firms are trying out one special kind of paper-back—the 'egghead' or quality or highbrow paper-back.

Some authors are available at the same time in several brands of paper-back. John Steinbeck, for instance, can be found in five publishers' lists; Zola has eighteen titles from four publishers; Cheyney, twenty-two titles in three publishers; and, just by way of contrast, Jane Austen has one title—from America.

Complicated Economics

The economics of paper-back publishing are exceptionally complicated. Most publishers have found it impossible to break down costs so as to give a typical illustration with anything like fair accuracy. How can a paper-back be so much cheaper than a hard-cover? Some people point to technical advances—to photo-offset printing from existing type, to the use of improved types of cheap paper, to thermo-plastic binding which is both cheap and effective, or to the automatic printing of four books at a time on one machine. All these are having some effect on prices and no doubt will have more. But on the whole, given the same number of copies, paper-backs are not much cheaper than hard-covers to produce. You save only a few pence by putting a soft cover on. Yet the price difference to the buyer is considerable. There is one prime reason: paper-backs are cheaper because many more copies are printed straight away.

This basic fact gives a special emphasis to selling. A great deal of stress has to be put on the whole business of distribution of paper-backs, and all the parts of the chain of distribution are changing fast: the editorial side (finding the books that will sell well and finding them early); or packaging (making the books attractive to look at); or getting the books through from the publisher to the point of sale; or finding fresh points of sale, new outlets. Opinions in the trade on sexy packaging—what they call 'breast-sellers'—range from a deep regret to a defensive so-what-we've-got-our-living-to-earn, through to high-toned defences. But the naked or near-naked girl is only one aspect of attractive packaging. There are dozens of other angles, from simple matters such as issuing a set of D. H. Lawrence's novels each headed 'by the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* ('turnip wagging', if you like, since almost every reader will know the book only from exaggerated hearsay) to aspects quite separate from bosoms and curiously contradictory. For instance, it is generally accepted that black print on a white cover sells best of all.

The Powerful Wholesaler

A striking new phenomenon is the emergence of the wholesaler as a powerful figure. The wholesaler would undoubtedly like to think of paper-backs as he does of the magazines he is used to selling, of mass sales of relatively few different titles, rather than of small sales of many different titles—and he likes quick turn-overs. He may make all sorts of exceptions, but on the whole it is plain that the natural tendency of the wholesaler is to choose fast-sellers and restrict stock variety; and this is bound to react on publishers. It is sometimes said that covers are designed to attract the wholesaler no less than the reader.

Similar complaints are often made about retailers: that they

want ever higher commission on paper-backs, that they will not provide sufficient paper-back display space, and so on. Obviously much of this is inevitable between the links in any trade. But again one tendency, not surprisingly, is mentioned more often than not: suspicion of a very varied stock, the desire to play safe.

Since 1958 there has been no recognized traders' list, so wholesalers and publishers can in theory go where they want to sell; and some paper-back publishers and wholesalers, not held by custom and tradition, do exactly that. One thing we can therefore be sure of: in the next few years the number of paper-back outlets will increase enormously. This summer Liverpool Street station got the first slot-machine for paper-backs in Britain. There are plans for putting them into more and more supermarkets, into petrol stations, and so on. And some people are envisaging a great increase in the numbers of smart paper-back shops, as modern and unsquare as coffee-bars. We shall see many more wholesalers' vans running regularly from shop to shop—stocking, restocking and arranging 'displays' rather in the way jukeboxes are serviced today. One very large wholesaler opened 3,500 accounts in a recent period of 14 months, with chains of stores listed as only one account.

But who is reading all these large issues of books? And why do they read them? Is there a large audience of readers previously submerged and now brought into the light by a combination of better educational facilities and cheaper books?

Three Audiences

The evidence is very confused here. But I think there are two reasonably identifiable audiences and a third possible one. First, there is a fairly clearly defined student audience for certain paper-backs—much bigger than before the war, but no one as yet knows how big. With them is a fringe of intelligent laymen. Several firms are testing the size of this market.

Second, there is a large general or mixed or unintellectual audience reading books ranging from Westerns to anecdotal archaeology. Paper-backs appear to be taking the place of the magazines they used to read. So they range, in what they offer their readers, from the *Strand* to *John Bull* or even *Titbits*.

The third possible audience is really a number of audiences, often overlapping. They are special interest groups, recreational audiences (do-it-yourself and so on), occupational audiences, or status-seeking audiences, audiences having or seeking confirmation and assistance in certain roles. Many of us may belong to several of these audiences at different times, depending on whether we are learning how to choose wines, how to live in a suburb or to have a baby in a modern and psychological manner. Still, the market which caters for those who wish to acquire cultural status appears to be quite small in Britain, though it is probably growing: culture can be one form of finding a social identity. But all this leads directly into why we buy paper-backs, and that is an altogether wider question.

Obviously one reason is that paper-backs are cheap. To buy one is not a very serious act: one is not taking any big financial risk. Yet the attraction of paper-backs goes deeper than this—so deep, in fact, that sometimes people will buy a paper-back even if the same title is available cheaper in hard covers. They are immensely and irrationally attractive. 'I feel I could eat them', people sometimes say, 'look at that lovely *Tractatus*'. Sometimes they build up a considerable loyalty to one series. This is not always or primarily a matter of attractive packaging. Paper-backs seem, people say, more *our* kind of book, more friendly, more comfortable, more democratic.

What then, are likely trends for the future: in publishing, in the effects on readers, and in the effects on writers? Are we likely, for instance, to see the hard-cover book left in a small corner? Is it true, as one publisher said, that 'paper-backs are

practically the whole future of both publishing and bookselling in this country'? This seems unlikely. British hard-cover publishing is both too solidly entrenched and too flexible to be likely to permit any such sudden radical change. And for a number of reasons many paper-back publishers do not want a serious decline in hard-cover publishing. A hard-cover edition can help a paper-back's sales—and now and again things may work the other way round; it is thought that a paper-back selection of John Betjeman's poems acted as a trailer for the hard-cover collected edition. And hard-cover publishers have been the paper-back publisher's main source of supply for titles—a very useful sieve at that.

Intense Fight for New Titles

But here the situation is rapidly becoming trickier. Hard-cover publishers' lists of suitable titles are being used up. The fight for new titles among hard-cover publishers' lists is therefore intense. 'Cut-throat', one paper-back publisher has said, especially among the half-dozen largest firms in the field, this fight to find and buy what he called 'the winners' from current hard-cover lists. That is why, among other developments, paper-back publishers read the galley proofs of many a book, not its hard-cover edition. It may be that as a result we shall now see more 'originals', as they call them, in paper-back—though I do not think all paper-back publishers will like this. What we shall certainly see is a great increase in marketing over the next few years and at all points. Bigger and bigger runs mean bigger and bigger promotion. But, more, we are likely to see much closer promotional tie-ups—between books, advertising, films, broadcasting, and so on. To give one tiny example: one publisher, in a recent trade announcement for a novel, says—using that favoured hearty and positive prose: 'A big film now being made will give a mighty boost to sales'.

It seems certain that we shall see an increasing concentration in paper-back publishing and marketing—the kind of process that has reduced the actual number of different popular newspapers in Britain whilst the total sales have gone up. Already the beginning of concentration from within the trade can be seen in the appearance of one distributor who markets only five large paper-back imprints and carries on a total marketing operation. The retailer has one account and one display and a lot of service. They say 'rapid turnover—quick replacement—and full profit on every book'. And no dead stock. A 'see-safe' guarantee ensures that books the retailer cannot sell are exchanged. The publishers promise that the books will be good sellers.

But this is probably only a beginning. One can easily imagine something like this happening in the next few years: a large newspaper firm, say, may buy up several paper-back firms (probably those in the second line since the first line is too strong), may merge them into one marketing organization, and support it fully by advertising and other promotion, especially in its own periodicals and newspapers and on television. Such a move would of course be directed chiefly at what I have called the wide 'general' audience. But clearly one result of this concentration will be that smaller and less conventional paper-back publishers will be put more in a corner. Certainly minority publishing in paper-backs is exceptionally tricky. Yet several publishers are ready to experiment. The publisher who finds the right form and price for British readers of this kind in the nineteen-sixties will not go bankrupt. But he will need a foresight as acute as that shown by Sir Allen Lane in the 'thirties.

Freer Access to the World of Books

What will the reader get out of it all, apart from well-produced books cheaper? He will certainly get—and this is a gain—a sense of physically freer access to the whole world of books. Undoubtedly some people have been afraid of regular bookshops. For many people paper-backs make books so accessible that they help to break down the barriers of inhibition towards books generally. Every one of us can now own his own library. Some observers think this may have two effects: first, paper-backs will make for greater adventurousness in reading; and, second, through reading lots of books people may gradually begin to read better books. There may sometimes be something in each of these claims, but it would be interesting to know what chance—except for a very

small minority—adventurousness and moving up have against that certain pressure towards mass sales of a limited number of titles that one has heard so much about.

Further, and worse, the pressure of the market is against our lingering with any one book, living with it, as we used to say, going back to it again and again. For the market in itself a book has to be an expendable commodity, to be used and replaced by successors treading on one another's heels so quickly that we hardly have time to read any of them even though we were told last month that the latest one was 'an absolute must'. To regard books as things to be used up is dead against the real being of books. For a reader the issue is plain: to take full use of the opportunities provided, but to refuse to be processed as a consumer by marketing experts; to refuse to be one of the mass or even one of the artificial groups—the various status groups—allowed and encouraged by the market; to insist on being selective as an individual, not to be rushed from one 'must' to another; to dig in and linger where one wants.

Last—the writers. What will they get from it all? Audiences are bigger, it is true, and most of us like to think of 50,000 people reading our books rather than 5,000. But I think the effects on writers are going to need more careful watching than cheerful welcoming. Runs are large, so risks are greater: therefore there will be less chance for experimental work, work of a sort a large number of people are not already prepared to take. The editor-cum-sales-manager will be bound to prefer writing which has an eye on a previously assumed audience and which is written in a form and manner known to be acceptable. There is not so much chance, here, of exploring experience freshly. It will not be all like that: even today some paper-back editors, reading their galley proofs, make the decision as to whether to bid for paper-back rights on literary grounds. Still, this is the trend. One large paper-back firm is already using numbers of laymen readers—who report not on the literary merit of a book but on its impact on them as representatives of typical readers.

Sexy Covers

Obviously, writers have to resist. They must resist the argument for putting sexy covers on their books—'It tempts them, you know, and once started they'll soon be reading you for your own merits, old boy': they must resist the pressure to alter their style or manner so as to meet a hypothetical 'ordinary' mass reader, if that will prevent them from saying what they want to say; and they must resist being tempted thereafter into choosing subjects because they are likely to commend themselves to the paper-back publisher: and so on, all the way along.

So let us give two—or at the moment perhaps one-and-a-half—cheers for the paper-back revolution. Then let us try to take advantage of it properly. Whether it works for good depends chiefly on how far we assume our responsibilities, as publishers or as readers or as writers. If we do not, paper-backs could, paradoxically, help to drive yet another nail in the coffin of real literacy.

To celebrate their twenty-fifth birthday, Penguin Books have issued twenty-five outstanding additions to their list. They include Sir Winston Churchill's *The Gathering Storm* (7s. 6d.), Camus's *The Plague* (3s. 6d.), E. M. Forster's *The Longest Journey* (3s. 6d.), Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (3s. 6d.), Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* (7s. 6d.), Sir J. M. Neale's *Queen Elizabeth I* (5s.), Sir Kenneth Clark's *The Nude* (9s. 6d., illustrated), and William H. Whyte's *The Organisation Man* (3s. 6d.).

The first twelve titles in the new series of Oxford paper-backs are: No. 1, Professor Sir Ronald Syme's *The Roman Revolution* (15s.); No. 2, Gilbert Murray's *The Rise of the Greek Epic* (8s. 6d.); No. 3, L. Cazamian's *A History of French Literature* (10s. 6d.); No. 4, I. M. D. Little's *A Critique of Welfare Economics* (8s. 6d.); No. 5, R. H. Lightfoot's *St. John's Gospel: A Commentary*, edited by C. F. Evans (8s. 6d.); No. 6, Sir George Clark's *The Seventeenth Century* (8s. 6d.); No. 7, Edward J. Dent's *Mozart's Operas: A Critical Study* (8s. 6d.); No. 8, Christopher Fry's *Three Plays* ('The First-born', 'Thor, with Angels', 'A Sleep of Prisoners') (6s.); No. 9, Humphry House's *The Dickens World* (6s.); No. 10, Professor C. S. Lewis's *A Preface to Paradise Lost* (5s.); No. 11, J. Middleton Murry's *The Problem of Style* (5s.); No. 12, G. M. Young's *Portrait of an Age: Victorian England* (6s.).

(Other paper-backs are mentioned on pages 637 and 645)

The Conflict between Art and Politics

By STUART HAMPSHIRE

I BELIEVE that we are in a state of confusion about the place of the arts in our lives and in the life of society as a whole. This is a serious matter, since we still tend to judge the quality of a civilization partly by the art that it produces. Yet we cannot say clearly why we do this. We speak of art in solemn tones, as of something that is essential and important, and yet we seem to have no clear theory of what it is and why it is essential. There is a growing tendency to look for the value of art in its social utility. I believe that this subverts the notion of human freedom, and is a reversal of the true order of dependence.

A Dead Tradition

Old theories, revived, may help here. There is a long tradition of speculation upon the place of art and of poetry in human life and in the life of a society: and perhaps it is a failure in contemporary philosophy that it has allowed this tradition to die. Consequently, when we do come to discuss popular culture and mass culture, and to say why education in non-scientific subjects should be preserved and extended alongside technological and scientific education, we are at a loss, without a clear starting-point or framework of discussion. We are apt therefore to be subtly influenced by doctrines of social realism, which have their proper place in communist theory, while those who cling to liberal or socialist beliefs—social democratic beliefs—have no answering theory. This became painfully obvious during the controversy about Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*, when there was an inclination to take official communist criticism seriously, in a kind of confused, ashamed way: as if we half thought that great novels should indeed be politically encouraging and politically positive and should play a directly useful part in promoting civic virtues: as if we thought that disloyalty, ambiguity, and doubt, touching great themes and public affairs, are sufficient to destroy the integrity and value of a work of fiction.

We live in a political age and we tend to discuss everything from a political and sociological point of view, to ask whether we are contributing to, or disturbing, the social order. It may be useful to start with a thinker who had an extremely definite idea of what the range of politics should be, and who had a correspondingly clear idea of how the artist should fit into the well-ordered society: namely, Plato. What he conjures up in *The Republic* is a hauntingly consistent nightmare. And he was in a position to see both sides of the subject, since he was himself an artist of transcendent gifts of imagination, and intimately understood the power and danger of art. He could not dismiss it, in political philosophy, as something harmless, which had no relevance to the rest of a man's life. Therefore it may be useful to take his attack upon the poets as a starting-point. If his charges against art, his subjection of art to the necessities of politics, can be answered, we shall begin to see the elements of conflict in the contemporary world.

Plato's Ideal State

Plato designed an ideal state in which every class of person had a defined function as a member of his class. Their virtues as human beings would coincide with their virtues as citizens. As in modern industrial society, though more simply, there was to be the greatest possible division of labour. Every man was to be good as a man in virtue of some contribution that he made to the social whole. So to be a good man was primarily to be a good policy-maker or to be a good soldier or a good craftsman. The point of human virtue, and of the development of human powers, was that they should keep in existence the organic state in which everyone occupied a fitting niche. Plato saw that just this idea of virtue as specialization of social function—an idea that may become unpleasantly like an actuality under modern conditions—

excludes the artist, or rather excludes the inspired poet. Plato, and the Greeks generally, did not have our modern concept of the fine arts. But his criticism of poets, and of poetry as a free and inspired art, can be translated into a criticism of artists in general.

He made four definite points about poetry as an inspired art. First, that such an art can never be harmless, because it appeals to the lower side of our mind, to our senses, and not to our intellect. Secondly, it is concerned not with knowledge, with true propositions, but with appearances and the imitation of appearances. Thirdly, an inspired artist or poet is subversive of the social and moral order because he is versatile. He can adopt many different roles, simulate and represent many different feelings and kinds of experience. He can represent both good and evil, and he must have the arts of display and of mimicry. He must have an element of the charlatan in him, of the trickster and illusionist who takes you in with his representations. You cannot rely on him, or look for consistency of feeling and purpose in his performances. He may at any moment pass from playing one role to playing another. With his wayward inspiration he cannot easily be directed, and he is therefore subversive, a loose and destroying element in a well-knit society. Plato's point was that the impulse behind poetry is the same as the impulse that produces imitative play: but imitative play forms character. The ability to imagine and to represent in sensuous form new roles, to enter into, and to convey, different modes of feeling and states of mind, gradually corrupts those who have this ability. One cannot rely upon them to recognize firm black-and-white distinctions, or to adhere to settled principles. There is always a certain bohemianism associated with addiction to the creative arts: a kind of moral anarchy, a tendency to see many sides of any question, a tendency towards moral ambiguity, scepticism, mockery, towards delight in display, and in doubtful experiment, and in brilliant surfaces. The overriding distinction between true and false, between the real and the unreal, loses its hold on those who are bewitched by the arts.

Responsible Rulers and Irresponsible Poets

All this—the playing with words and stories and emotions, the playing with expressive sounds, or expressive colours and shapes—ought to be controlled and disciplined within a state which is to form and to educate its citizens perfectly. There is therefore, according to Plato, a necessary conflict between responsible rulers and irresponsible poets. The only thing to do is to make the poet also a craftsman, who will supply the kind of fiction that society needs—the kind that will encourage the citizens in their useful work, develop loyalty and the martial virtues, that will make for moral stability and discipline. If one is serious and responsible as a ruler, one cannot leave the poets free, except on the assumption that the enjoyment of fiction, of creative art, is altogether harmless and without effect. But Plato from his own experience saw no reason to believe that it is harmless and every reason to believe the contrary. Art unavoidably forms men's habits and feeling and therefore affects the quality and stability of social life, and the whole culture. Therefore it must be responsibly controlled, as part of education, which is of course controlled by the state from beginning to end.

There will always be a doubt about the relation between art and morality: this is unavoidable and lies in the nature of things, since we are both social beings, respecting habits of behaviour and reality, and we also from the beginning play and create illusions and delight to break away from rules and habits, to be surprised. But as soon as we see the perpetual conflict being resolved in one direction exclusively, we have before us a clear threat to which some reply must be found. We have to give an

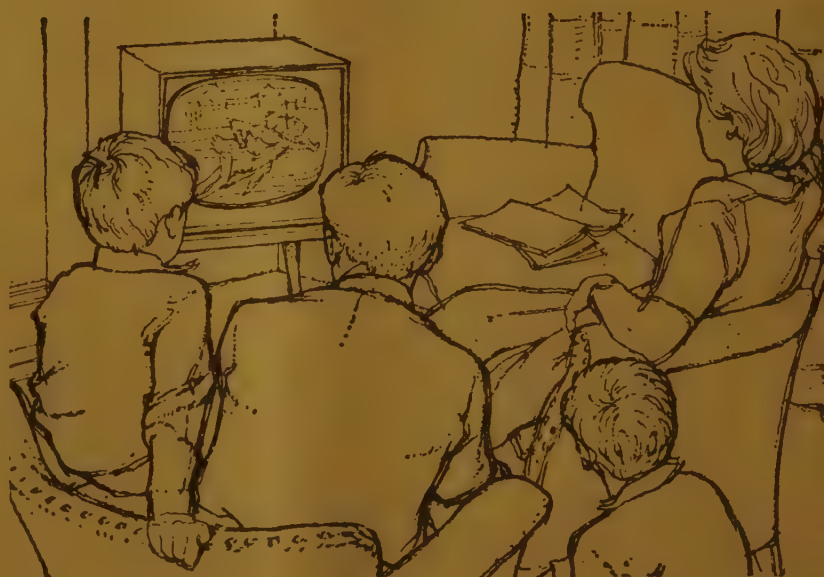
(continued on page 635)

PAPER IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE • A REPORT FROM THE REED PAPER GROUP

TV - a blessing in disguise for Britain's paper industry?

Today, contrary to prophecies that television would seriously affect the nation's reading habits, demand for printed matter is tending to rise.

This article discusses the factors which have brought this situation about and shows how it parallels experience in the U.S.A. It reveals, too, how television is playing a part in boosting the total demand for printing papers—possibly proving a blessing in disguise for Britain's prospering paper industry!

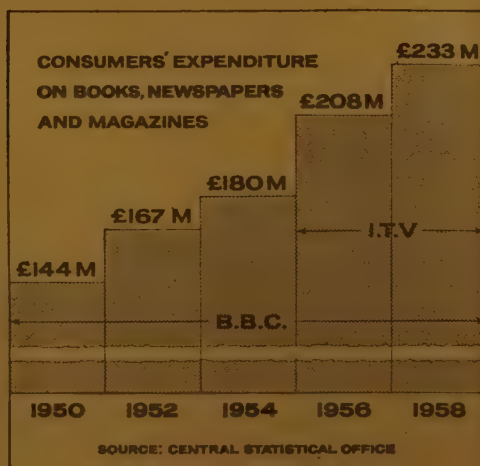


PAPER IN THE "COMMUNICATION" ERA

Only a few years ago, many people—especially those connected with publishing, education and advertising—were apprehensive that television would prove a dangerous rival to the printed word. With its two-fold impact on eye and ear, how would it influence people's reading habits? And how would this new "communication" era affect Britain's paper industry?

But today, people are actually reading more about more subjects than ever before! Demand is now tending to rise not only for television but for all types of printed matter.

Events in Britain, as can be seen from the graph, appear to be following the pattern already set in the U.S.A. There, printing paper



sales suffered an initial check when television first became popular. But since then, demand has been consistently rising for *both* media.

Just what are the factors which have caused this situation?

OUR CULTURAL PATTERNS CHANGE

Undoubtedly the most significant reason is that, because of greater leisure and increased incomes, our cultural patterns have changed. Today's higher standard of living is causing sales to rise not only of durable consumer goods such as television sets but many semi-luxuries such as books and magazines.

Since 1951, the number of books published annually has risen steadily—despite an increase in television licences from one to ten

million! Publishers' lists show that a record total of 22,143 books were published during 1958. And between 1950 and 1958, there was a healthy increase of as much as 55 per cent in publishers' total home-market turnover—from £25½ million to £39½ million.

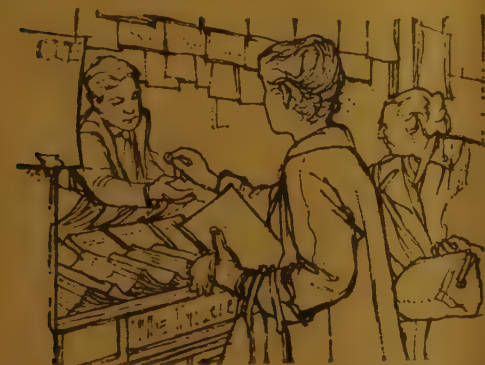
Indeed, by widening many people's interests, television has actually stimulated a fresh appetite for the printed word. In particular, the inherently transient nature of the television medium has caused an enormous new demand for inexpensive "do-it-yourself" manuals and books giving further information on many "specialist" interests. This is one of the factors which have led to the great increase in sales of paperback editions, which statistics show to have multiplied almost 4½ times over between 1950 and 1958.

NEW PUBLICATIONS— NEW JOURNALISM

Consider magazines and newspapers. These too reflect the trend towards a new journalism, with less accent upon "entertainment" and more on information, advice and service to readers.

In fact, many vigorous new publications have grown up, particularly magazines for women and for the new teenage market. And the continuing popularity of our daily newspapers is testified to by a recent Unesco statistic that in the U.K. the number of copies sold daily per thousand inhabitants is 573—by far the world's largest. Likewise the U.K. leads in non-daily newspapers with 825 copies per thousand people, the U.S.A. being the next with 475.

Some publications of course have declined. But these instances have not been due necessarily to television. Nor to the price of news-



print, of which the cost per page today is less than 2½ times the average level it was throughout the pre-war period—in fact a smaller price rise than that of many other raw materials. But rather to greater competition, general cost increases, and more selective space-buying by advertisers.

STRIKING A BALANCE

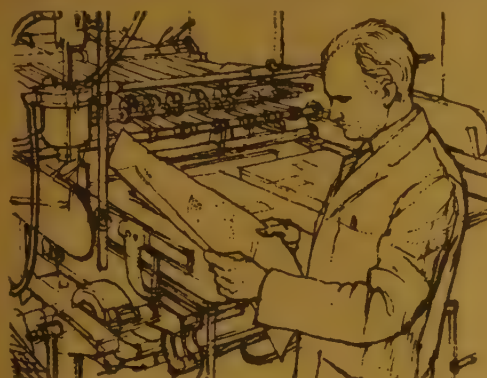
In advertising, too, press and television have proved complementary rather than opposed. Whereas total TV expenditure rose from £10½ million in 1956 to £60 million in 1959, total press expenditure also rose from £146 million in 1956 to £185 million in 1959. The use of press and television in conjunction has become an accepted advertising planning method. Moreover, in many instances, press publications are being actively advertised on television.

In the opinion of Reed marketing experts, the phase of adjustment between the press and television may be ending and a balance may now be struck. It is expected that, as has happened in America, demand for both will climb steadily on parallel lines.

HOW PAPER IS KEEPING PACE

Irrespective of outside influences, there are two underlying factors vital to the future market for printing papers. The permanence of the printed word, with which more ephemeral media cannot compete; and the unique *versatility* of paper itself.

During 1960, it is estimated that Britain will use about 975,000 tons of printing and writing papers—about 42½ per cent of our total paper



consumption. To keep pace with the nation's requirements, very many different papers will be needed. They must suit not only all the varying demands of print buyers but the diverse complexity of modern letterpress, litho and gravure printing processes.

These papers may be "coated" or "uncoated"; glossy or matt; suitable for colour or black-and-white printing; for the smallest machines printing sheets by the hundred; for giant rotary presses which print at high speed by the hundred thousand; or for duplicating machines, electronic computers and other modern business equipment.

They range from newsprint to the many art papers and "pure printings" used for high-quality book production. Whatever the paper it must have the *right* technical qualities at the *right* price for the user.

KEEPING COST TO CONSUMERS DOWN

It is because of the technical excellence and versatility of these modern printing papers that

the industry can meet the demands for ever-better, more competitive print material.

For example, weekly magazines in this country mainly have very large circulations. In relation to their extremely low cost, they achieve a high standard of multi-colour and black-and-white printing. This is made possible by the use of photogravure presses and low-cost super-calendered papers specially developed by the paper industry.

Parallel with this, there is also growing demand for the more glossy coated papers. The psychological and competitive sales value of this type of paper is shown by its increasing use for magazine printing, mail-order catalogues and leaflets.

In this field, the Reed Paper Group has pioneered Aerocote, an "off-machine coated" paper unique in this country. Its high-quality finish is achieved by means of an "Air Knife"—a high-speed process in which air, fed through a longitudinal slot under pressure, forces a liquid coating onto the paper's surface.

PAPER LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

What is Britain's paper industry doing to ensure for paper an even brighter future in the "communication" era?

The Reed Paper Group is planning ahead *now*. Experts of the Group's Economic Research Department are constantly analysing trends in demand. Likewise, the Group's Printing and Physical Research Department is engaged in comprehensive research concerning printing papers, processes and inks. Reed teamwork has also made possible a complete Technical Advisory Service to Printers, both to advise on printing problems and to develop new specifications for customers' needs.

This same flexible, *forward* thinking is shown in product marketing, machine and production planning, management selection and personnel training. The Reed Group's entire resources are harnessed to ensure ever-better print material to meet the growing demands of the future.

"Will paper's value to industry become even greater?" The Reed Paper Group sets out to answer this question in a further article in this series, appearing in this publication on December 8th.

REED PAPER GROUP

Britain's foremost makers of paper,
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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

October 5-11

Wednesday, October 5

At the Labour Party Conference in Scarborough the official defence policy is defeated and a resolution calling for unilateral nuclear disarmament is carried

In the U.N. General Assembly, Mr. Nehru criticizes the suggestion of Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, for proposing another four-power 'summit' conference instead of the suggested meeting between President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev

Thursday, October 6

The results of the referendum in South Africa give a decisive majority to those favouring a republic

About 200 French writers, artists, and scientists publish a counter-manifesto to that published recently advocating the right to refuse military service in Algeria

Friday, October 7

Mr. Khrushchev suggests a special meeting of the United Nations General Assembly devoted exclusively to disarmament should be held in Europe next spring

Differences between Germany and France over the Common Market and Nato are discussed between Dr. Adenauer and M. Debré in Bonn

Saturday, October 8

Seven Africans killed and several injured in rioting near Salisbury, S. Rhodesia

Death of Henry Lamb, R.A., the painter, at the age of 77

Sunday, October 9

President Nkrumah denies a rumour that Ghana plans to nationalize all foreign firms

The Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyyid Sir Khalifa Bin Harub, who ruled the British Protectorate for nearly fifty years, dies at the age of 81

Monday, October 10

Threatened rail strike is called off by N.U.R. after reaching wage settlement with British Transport Commission

Colonel Mobutu's Congolese Government demands surrender by United Nations of Mr. Lumumba

Tuesday, October 11

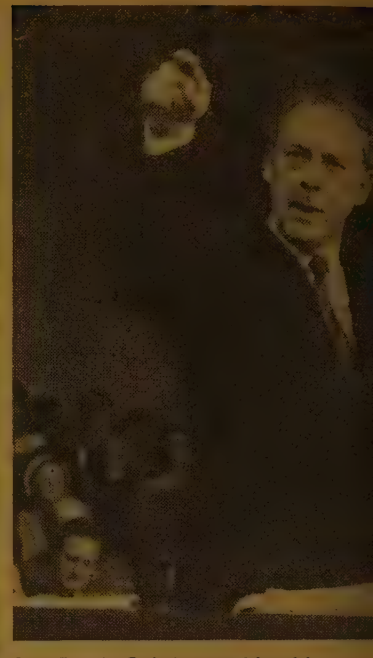
The Monckton Report on Rhodesia and Nyasaland advises that the Federation cannot continue in its present form. It recommends the right to secede

Price of gas to increase in most parts of Britain

H.M. the Queen addresses the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland on the occasion of the 400th anniversary of the Scottish Reformation



Senator Kennedy (left) and Vice-President Nixon, the Democratic and Republican candidates for the Presidency of the United States, in conversation after their second televised debate in Washington on October 7. A film of the debate was seen on B.B.C. television the following day



Mr. Hugh Gaitskell making his speech at the Labour Party Conference's debate on defence when the official policy was defeated. Mr. Gaitskell said he regarded it as a moral victory



Women queueing up in Johannesburg to vote in the referendum held in South Africa on October 6 to decide whether it should become a republic. The result was a majority of 74,000 in favour of a republic. The non-white population voted against

Right: a skin-covered mask of the Ekoi tribe which is included in an exhibition of Nigerian tribal art being held at the Council Gallery, St. James's Square, London, in connexion with the Nigerian independence celebrations



Mr. Harold Macmillan being greeted by Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, on arrival at London Airport on October 6. The Prime Minister had flown back from New York where he has been attending the General Assembly of the United Nations



Thunderstorms and heavy rain returned to the West Country last week and caused more extensive flooding in many areas. This photograph shows Royal Marines rescuing people from their homes in Exmouth, Devon, where in places the flood-water was five feet deep



An outstanding rider at the Horse of the Year Show at Wembley last week: Mr. David Broome, winner of the Harringay Spurs for the greatest number of points in international competitions



The new Queen's Bridge over the River Tay at Perth which was opened by H.M. the Queen on October 10

Left: a litter basket for use in a park: one of thirty-four winning entries in a competition for well-designed litter-bins organized by the Council of Industrial Design, which were on view last week in the Victoria Embankment Gardens, London

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(continued from page 629)

account of why we think that those who have no access to the irresponsible enjoyment of art and fiction have been in some way amputated and are unable to lead a full human life.

I shall cross a few thousand years to 1795, to find an answering theory: for a theory is needed. It is surely wasteful to begin discussion, as is usual in contemporary British writing on politics and culture, with unaided common sense, discarding all that has been intelligently written in the past. There is one serious defence of the arts in the modern state that is relevant to my theme: namely, that of Schiller in his *Letters on Aesthetic Education*. It seems to me the most plausible of all the many speculative accounts of the place of art in human life, and it does meet Plato's challenge.

Adult Play

His starting-point can be simply put: that art is, as Kant had suggested, play, the uneconomic and free, because purposeless, exercise of all our faculties simultaneously. All our faculties here means both the intellectual and the sensuous, and the enjoyment, and the sense of the value of their free exercise, lies in the combining of that which is ordinarily separated in day-to-day thought and action. The play of the faculties has no purpose outside its own completeness. In free play both children and adults develop their own individuality as whole persons, and show their true character: for in play and fiction all their powers of perception, the so-called lower powers of mind (lower by Plato's standards), their desires and wishes, their sensuous pleasures, come to realization together, and in company with the intellectual and so-called higher powers. Schiller meets Plato's points by admitting them and turning them into a defence rather than an attack. After the French Revolution and in the coming century, there would be an increasing specialization of social roles, and communication between human beings, as whole human beings, at once sensuous and intellectual, would become increasingly difficult. Able freely to communicate, as children, in their play, they would grow into their separate groups with one-sided aptitudes, and find any whole communication and self-expression difficult. Only in that kind of adult play, which is art and fiction, will they communicate across other differences as whole human beings.

Schiller foresaw that the strain of thinking in abstract terms, and particularly in scientific abstractions, would become intolerable, that men would demand some release in the use of their powers of sensuous discrimination and enjoyment. Only by introducing them to the kind of visual art, which is serious art, could men be restored to the full play of their powers of perception. Popular illustration and inferior art could never have the same value, because, in making equivalences of external reality, they rely on the repetition of the clichés of practical life, on socially accepted and pre-formed images. They provide no shock of regained recognition of the variety and independence of objects. We perceive them only as conventional signs, because the imitation is not free imitation and does not call for any intense exercise of the senses.

It may seem that this comparison of art with play trivializes the subject. But this is surely a

mistake. It is probable that the empirical evidence, the evidence of psychology, as far as it is available, supports this speculative link between them. Genetically—that is, in terms of the development of the individual—and in terms of what we count as art, the link is a very close one.

The Natural Way of Seeking Illusion

I think it is now possible to suggest why we assume a solemn tone of voice when we speak of art: why we think that the kind of fiction and imitation, which is popular entertainment, fails to fulfil the need, and to take the place, of serious art. When a man has usefully worked day by day, and acted responsibly as a social being, adapting his desires to a manageable and recognized reality, he will need play and illusion, and the enjoyment of some form of fiction. And the natural way of seeking illusion is by gratifying the wishes and fantasies that are the relics of desires and interests unused in his work, and in his dealings with reality as a responsible social being. He is a specialized producer and consumer, and he is being addressed and exhorted all the time, through every medium of communication, as a producer and consumer. Some elements of his original endowment as a human being are not given free play. Is he not then a potential consumer of these imitations and illusions that will give free play to his fantasies? Why should these illusions not be deliberately supplied, like any other marketable commodity?

With diminishing millions of other people, I enjoy the routine commercial cinema, and one of the reasons why I enjoy it is because it does provide, with an intelligent concentration of purpose, an empty vehicle for the projection of fantasy. At its least pretentious and most commercial, it is obviously and unashamedly non-art, and totally inoffensive when one enjoys it for what it is, and often disastrously offensive when, either by accident or design, it acquires more serious pretensions which it usually cannot realize. Typically, a commercial film provides a transparent illusion, into which we can project any personal fantasies and wish-fulfilments, without our having the smallest respect for the object in front of us, as something independent and existing in its own right, as something to be explored and understood. We know that it has been designed by men experienced in a kind of rule-of-thumb psychology to provide us with easy possibilities of identification—easy projections, easy acceptance of black-and-white distinctions. So when we emerge from the cinema, we emerge from something that is totally discontinuous with real life: reality has not been illuminated by the fiction: we do not see anything that we had not seen before on the pavement outside: we merely blink.

Another Type of Illusion-making

We can contrast the type of imitation, the type of illusion-making (because the representative arts, at least, all aim at an illusion), which produces an independent, resisting object, into which we cannot immediately project our personal fantasies. Although any satisfying work of art is ambiguous in the sense that we can read different interpretations into it, there is always a limit to that which can be read into it as an imitation of reality. We confront an object, which, because of its hard construction and

design and its clear outlines, is set aside from other objects and from its circumstances. We cannot make of it whatever we choose.

There is a school of contemporary painting, and this may be a significant fact, that sometimes appears to offend against this principle of the independence of the object: a type of abstract painting that does not resist arbitrary interpretation. That is to say, any interpretation of a painting of this type is said to be equally valid or equally invalid. It seems to me that painting at this point would be coming dangerously near to a false aesthetic, because we would not derive from it that complete satisfaction that comes from the object's resistance to our fantasies. That which makes works of art both vehicles of communication and vehicles of a peculiarly non-propositional kind of communication, is that they are both clearly defined objects, in which we cannot see whatever we choose, and yet also their meaning is not detachable and translatable: for their design is not determined by rule, and therefore they do not make a definite statement, to be believed or disbelieved.

The Active and the Passive

The important difference between art and commercial entertainment lies somewhere here, in their relative resistance to fantasy and wish: and that is why we think of popular entertainment, commercially supplied, as leaving the spectator passive, with his mind and feelings operated upon by an external agency, while the enjoyment of serious works of art is an activity, an activity that enlarges understanding of reality. It is an activity, because we have to interpret the object before us and to view it from different points of view and as admitting more than one interpretation. But mere entertainment is designed to evoke an immediate reaction. It would be most convenient for the running of a Platonic state that people should be producers-consumers, carefully surveyed as such, and, in the remainder of their time, supplied with carefully designed vehicles for fantasy. It would be established experimentally what kind of gratifying illusions each class of work requires: a first programme for the manual and machine workers, a second programme for the executives and administrators, a third programme for the rulers and policy-makers. Art and imitation would then be soundly tamed within the well-knit society, no longer loose, irresponsible, and a threat to the moral stability of social beings.

We commonly suppose that, throughout most of human history, that which we would now call art was not distinguished within the total of human activity, distinguished from religious observance, public celebration and ritual, craftsmanship, popular entertainment. We suppose a time in which these activities and enjoyments, which we would now call art, were at the centre of a shared social life, and not a mere detached and private pleasure. Hegel, and many other writers, have laid much stress on the central place of art in the ancient Greek city-state, when moral and aesthetic categories were not distinguished, and the average Athenian citizen of the fifth century allegedly saw the works of art that surrounded him primarily as glorifying his city. Then there was no separation between a minority culture and the main culture of the society of all the citizens. Monumental works of

art, shared public objects, whether of literature or visual art, were at the centre of the social life that embraced all the citizens. This historical memory, or historical dream, of the classical moment of adjustment between art and social needs recurs again and again in artists' ambitions, in successive forms of neo-classicism. And the same memory, or dream, still haunts present-day discussions of culture and society, as if the present detachment of the fine arts, and the connoisseur's private aesthetic enjoyment of them, might be reversed: for the concept of the fine arts, and of pure aesthetic enjoyment, is not older than the eighteenth century. Might we not therefore return to a golden age of solidarity, of monumental art and public patronage, with popular entertainment and serious art merged and indistinguishable?

This ignores the conditions of the period in which we live, in which we study history, and the history of literature and art, with extreme self-consciousness. We cannot recapture the historical naïveté which any such deliberate return to the past requires. We unavoidably

think of the art of our own time as arising out of the specific social conditions of this time, as being a symptom of a certain state of society. We cannot now avoid regarding the art of any time, including our own time, as one sociological phenomenon among others. The art historians are all around us and we cannot ignore them. Many of the great creative artists of this time are themselves caught in historical allusions, find themselves in their own work reflecting on the history of art, in its relation to the present.

The history of art forms the canons by which contemporary is judged. And this reinforces the threat to the artist's freedom and irresponsibility and his natural ambition that his work should be of universal significance. But if works of art, in common with everything else, are to be judged, as the more crude social realists would wish, by their relevance to contemporary social problems, the absence of irresponsible experiment, of free self-discovery, will be so deadening as to make life impossible. The pressure of social conformity and social utility will be too

great, and we may have more of these pathological political movements, revolutions of destruction, which the twentieth century has already seen. For these reasons it seems to me that we should not concede one inch to the claim that works of art should be judged by their social tendency. On the contrary, we should rather judge the social and economic system by the degree to which it does provide conditions (chiefly education) for an area of irresponsibility in the widespread enjoyment of independent works of art, as shared objects of common discussion. The only alternative is that the obedient citizens should be lulled by vehicles of private fantasy, centrally planned. For it is certain that men must enjoy the play of illusion and imitation in one form or another. Those who govern and have power may well prefer the second alternative, the docile consumers, and certainly their policies tend in this direction. For genuine poets or artists are, as Plato said, a subversive and unpredictable element, and a nuisance, in any well-knit society, in which every class of person knows his place and function.

—Third Programme

The Show Must Go On?

By JOHN MORTIMER

A FEW SUNDAYS AGO I sat in the London Palladium. Alone upon the stage, solid and energetic, was Miss Judy Garland, performing her tireless act. With her shoulders squared and her voice hitting the back row of the gallery like the kick of a mule, Miss Garland expounded her philosophy with brash zest. 'O the clown', she sang, 'with his pants falling down! That's entertainment! . . .' Behind her, numberless transatlantic saxophone and trumpet players, raised on various levels against the stars, supported her claim that this was so. The audience, apparently converted, looked at her damp-eyed in memory of the child who had once sung 'Over the Rainbow' and many of them even stood up to applaud. Miss Garland mopped her brow, flexed her muscles, and let the silent Sunday night have it between the eye-balls. 'That's ent-er-TAINment!'

Alone and perhaps mutinous in my seat I wondered—is *that* really entertainment? Is it? And then I thought, well, yes. Oh dear, yes: it probably is.

Then the thought, even more mutinous, but irresistible, crept into my mind. Suppose Miss Garland, born in a trunk, as we well know, and a gallant trouser if ever there was one, should consent for once to be a little less gallant and stop. Suppose all the chorus girls with bad colds, and the dying clowns, and the ballerinas with broken hearts were to give in, rest up, or settle for an evening at home. Suppose the next Old Vic actor who finds his right arm severed in a duel on the stage, or strains a ligament dashing

up from the orchestra pit to boo at Mark Antony, should merely scream, yell 'Ouch', and ask if there is a doctor in the house, instead of limping, pale, bleeding, and brave, through the rest of the production. Well, I mean, be honest: face up to it. Would you care?

Of course—and here I have a divided loyalty, an ambivalent emotion—I should care. I have been concerned with productions on the stage, and been drawn into those little meetings in the box office when the plan for next Thursday

is studied and the sweet music of the telephones is eagerly awaited. I have sought the explanation for the 'show not going on' when it was expected to, because it's Lent, or hot, or cold, or too rainy, or too dry, or simply because it's dark outside. I have wanted, very badly, my show to go on. But still I wonder: what is the mystery which entertainers give their business which is apparently not shared by bank managers, school teachers, electricians and dustmen? Sick dustmen manage to stay in bed and not go round giving their colds to other dustmen. Broken-hearted bank managers get away for a short holiday or leave early. Is entertainment of such importance in our lives that those connected with it must behave as if a bad thriller on tour in Chelmsford were the first Crusade? What, I wonder, is the mystery about this THING?

My first connexion with what you can, if you care to, call 'show biz', came when I was nineteen and became an assistant director in a film company. An assistant director is a high-sounding title, and implies to the uninstructed, I suppose, someone who assists the director. So he does, but mainly in bringing him cups of tea, giving him cigarettes, taking his car over to the garage, or ringing a bell and shouting 'Quiet please' at the beginning of each shot. He also has to make sure, when the film unit is on a location, that what we called the 'hourly boys'—the carpenters, electricians, and other technicians—who are paid by the hour instead of by the week—were in their places and doing their jobs when the show was due to begin.



'Miss Garland let the silent Sunday night have it between the eye-balls'

The hourly boys became my greatest friends. I had had a lonely, not to say sheltered, childhood, and it was from those hourly boys that I learnt what little I may now know of what is sometimes jokingly referred to as 'Life'. From them I learnt the skill I now have at pontoon, and how to fill up a petty-cash voucher. I learnt endless stories that still see me through gaps in the conversation; I learnt a great deal about love and how to take out girls for the minimum of expense and the maximum reward: matters which had been left out of my tepid education. Some of them, I am proud to say, are still my friends and will recall, when we meet in odd cutting rooms or on film sets today, my hopeless and stumbling years as an assistant director. If my early years in the entertainment industry were of any value it was because of the carpenters, electricians, and plasterers who became my friends and allies: but the idea of the show going on left them, I am bound to say, somewhat unenthusiastic. The tea break going on—yes. The pontoon school continuing—certainly. The story of Charlie and the tattooed Wren in the cinema at Uxbridge—by all means. But the show...

My time as an assistant director ended when we made a film covering the building of an aeroplane in a single night. It was an exhausting job, and we had to film the whole process over twenty-four hours without sleep. At last the aeroplane was built and the pilot, looking, I thought, somewhat grey in the cold dawn, got in to mount the sky in the fervent hope that all the bits of the aeroplane had been correctly assembled. This was the climax of the film. The director was ready, the engines started to roar—but where were the lights, where was the camera truck, the sound van and generator? Where, in short, had the hourly boys got to? 'John!' the director yelled—they always use your Christian name in show business however cordially they may detest you—'What have you done with the hourly boys now?' He was from Cambridge and his language was not as polite as this. I had to confess, to his displeasure, that I had totally lost them. Some hours later, the aeroplane having disappeared, they were discovered asleep, with their hats on, in the director's motor-car.

Less Harmful Script Writer

When we returned, the producer of the film company called me to him and suggested I was not, by temperament, suited to the work of an assistant director. He suggested I might do less harm if I became a script writer, a post which carried a higher salary and in which I could work at home. I took a room in Chelsea, stayed in bed all night, and wrote a number of scripts hardly any of which were ever made into films.

Since then my concern with entertainment has been as writer. I wrote novels, but that was not really part of show business. Novelists are not born in trunks, they do not usually travel from capital to capital receiving bouquets, ovations, and applause. No one ever, I believe, got up from a sick bed, staggered to the typewriter, and with a dry voice and trembling hand bravely shouted 'The novel must come out!' In fact novels, when they are written, seem to fall into a silent world. You never hear the well-deserved applause as the final chapter is completed; who buys them is a mystery; and actually to catch someone reading a novel you

have written is a thing which happens to a writer of fiction perhaps once in a lifetime.

Then I travelled, by way of radio at first, and then television, into the theatre, the most 'show business' place of all. The same theatre, after all, that Miss Garland is on about, and which Mr. Brian Rix keeps going by following the simple lesson of the song about the clown with the pants falling down, and which Mr. Noël Coward keeps saying is just for entertainment, and out of which he can extract so much nostalgia by referring to plays and actresses of the distant past—all of which, we are led to believe, were more completely and ultimately 'show business' than the actresses and plays of today—although it may simply be, of course, that everyone, even Mr. Noël Coward, was much younger in those days. The place where what matters is how you do on Monday night, and where players fight their colds and stagger on full of throat pastilles and aspirins, where authors sit trembling and sick at their own first nights, and where the Noël Coward of the future, now perhaps a mere lad, will save his programme, and savour the excitement, and in thirty years' time, think how wonderfully glamorous it all was in 1960, and what a beautiful tawdry, tinselled world was created then.

An Avalanche

'It's entertainment...' Well, yes. But is that all it is? In my heart of hearts I believe that if I really thought it was just entertainment I should shut up, take to golf or fretwork, and never write those doom-laden words 'Act One' or 'Fade in' at all. Entertainment, it seems to me, has ceased to be a recreation and become an avalanche. It pours in an endless stream from every corner of the house. It is impossible to wash up without Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony emerging from the transistor on the top of the *rôtissoire*; Cliff Richard laments bad temperedly in the nursery, and the shortest drive by car cannot be taken without a brief extract from a domestic serial or a few numbers from 'Great Musical Shows of the Past'.

And entertainment, in so much as it is the distraction of the human mind from its real concerns, is, I think, finally an unimportant part of our lives. Anyone is better engaged, I believe, really quarrelling than listening to the Dale family quarrel. They are better off falling in love than listening to endless songs about falling in love. It is even more interesting to fall ill than to see 'Emergency Ward 10'.

So what is this Show Business, this television, radio, theatre, cinema and all about, if it isn't entertainment? You may well ask. I don't mind saying what I think it ought to be about. It ought to be about creating new worlds. About presenting truths to people they always felt secretly, but never quite recognized before. It should be about adding to life by extending the range of sympathy and understanding that people have for each other, or by making them more aware of the limitations of their sympathy and understanding. I think it should be about recognition, so that you lean forward in your seat and gasp, and there is a kind of electric tingle in the back of your neck as you say to yourself, 'Yes, yes. That's true. That's how things are...' and I never realized it before.

I think it should be about discovery, the discovery of what people can do for each other,

of how they will behave at moments of crisis, of how words can sound when unexpectedly put together, of how much, and how little, words help people to reach any sort of common understanding. Finally, it should be an addition, so that when you leave the theatre or the cinema or switch off the radio or the television set you are added to, somehow more complete, with some small extra knowledge which you may have had before but didn't recognize. And it should be for art, where you can breathlessly admire some great skill or virtuosity. By all of which I do not mean it shouldn't be funny, or absurd, or ridiculous, but that it should be more—something, however little, more than entertainment.

Urge for Self-exhibition

That sounds all very fine, and all very large. And having said it I wonder, sceptically, whether it is really true. Perhaps more truthfully what makes the show go on is the dreadful urge we feel—actors, writers, directors and singers of popular songs—for self-exposure: a kind of dread and love of the exhibition of ourselves for its own sake, so that we must be constantly reassured, when faced with our private dreams and nightmares, that they will be recognized by other people. I suppose it is this compulsion which makes us seek to add, however great the fears and large the discouragement, incessantly and every day to the great, overweighted mass of entertainment.

But we should, I believe, be circumspect. We shouldn't think that just because a play goes on in a theatre, with lights and a trembling velvet curtain, it is a cause, a thing to which it is noble to dedicate our lives. Recently a succession of plays were put on by hopeful managements in London. They were found to be so vacuous, so trivial, so bereft of ideas and empty of emotion, that they soon came off. Yet people had no doubt worked long hours in their rehearsal, great hopes had been awakened in the hearts of the players who performed in them, and when the critics expressed their just contempt of these productions they were accused of 'disloyalty to the Theatre'.

A Hope

We should be circumspect before we ask people to make room for more entertainment in their overburdened lives. I look forward to the day when an actress with a bad cold in the head will consider the script of the new murder mystery set in the Sussex farmhouse, in which she is due to appear that night. She will sneeze dolefully, and when some enthusiastic manager says to her 'The Show must go on', she will answer him bluntly, 'No: it needn't; not this one', and go home to bed.—*Home Service*

Among recent Cambridge paper-backs are: *Culture and Anarchy*, by Matthew Arnold, edited by J. Dover Wilson (8s. 6d.); *Life in the English Manor*, by H. S. Bennett (13s. 6d.); *The Universe Around Us*, by Sir James Jeans (13s. 6d.); *Dilemmas*, by Gilbert Kyle (7s. 6d.); and *Themes and Conventions of Elizabethan Tragedy* by M. C. Bradbrook (12s. 6d.)

The fifteenth annual report of the Arts Council of Great Britain for 1959-1960, entitled *The Priorities of Patronage*, has now been published (price 2s. 6d.).

Good news from Africa



HEALTH

the big leap forward

MUCH OF THE NEWS from Africa nowadays is bad news, but there is good news too. Let facts have a hearing. The health of seven million Africans was a major responsibility taken over by the Federal Government when the three countries of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland joined together in 1953. They had to fight disease in many forms—and over a vast area. But they had two massive advantages. They had a real determination to give the African the best possible chance of a healthy life. And Federation provided the means to bring this about. For the first time Central Africa had a unified health plan. For the first time people could think big in health matters—and get big results. Here is the story of seven momentous years.

Health expenditure doubled

Much more money was needed and the success of the Federal Government in providing it is shown by these figures. In 1953 expenditure on health for the three territories was about 4½ million pounds—by 1960 this had been increased to over 9 million pounds. The greatest increase was in Nyasaland, where health expenditure has trebled in the last seven years. The most modern hospitals, the most advanced equipment for all types of treatment, the whole network of state aid to the sick and injured—they are all at the disposal of the African. And this policy has produced results. In seven years there has been a sharp rise in the African expectation of life.



NEW HOSPITALS FOR AFRICANS
The Llewellyn Hospital at Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia, is one of the ultra-modern central hospitals built for all races during the 1950's.

Many more Africans are enjoying a useful and healthy old age. Further great improvements are expected as the new health policy gathers momentum.

Partnership against disease

European skill and resources behind the African desire to learn: these are the forces that are making the health service work. *It is partnership in progress.* The big task for the Federal Government is to train Africans as doctors, nurses and medical orderlies to take their place in the fight against disease. Medical workers of all races are being trained in the Federation's hospitals. Plans are now well advanced to establish a medical school at the multi-racial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland at Salisbury. Associated with it will be a new multi-racial teaching hospital to be built shortly by the Federal Government.

Battle against disease in the bush

There remains the greatest problem—to fight disease in the undeveloped districts. The attack is many-sided: the mobile hygiene units that go deep into the rural areas to fight disease at its source, the rural dispensaries, the clinics and subsidised medical missions, and an ever-growing network of hospitals.



"THE PATIENT IS DOING WELL"
The health of African children is the trust of African and European doctors and nurses working side by side.

Health is only one of many fields in which tremendous progress has been made since Federation. African wages and salaries have been raised. 50% more African children are now at school. A non-racial franchise has been introduced. The Federation has already achieved much in Central Africa. It appreciates—perhaps more than anyone—how much remains to be done.

FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND



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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Irresponsible Society

Sir,—Mr. Seldon calls in question my estimate of 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 persons in Great Britain 'living precariously close to the margins of poverty'. He misrepresents my argument and does not attend to available statistical evidence. For example, I have never stated that 5,000,000 retirement pensioners and 2,000,000 war pensioners are either getting or would qualify for National Assistance. And he completely ignores the numbers of National Insurance sickness beneficiaries and widows and members of large families living on low incomes.

What are the facts? There is first of all the problem of definition. On its ordinary scale the National Assistance Board allows 50s. per week for a single householder, 85s. for a couple and from 16s. to 23s., according to age, for a dependent child. The actual rent paid by a household is added to these amounts (in 1959 this averaged nearly 20s.). By comparison with an average wage of rather more than £14 a week for men over twenty-one the rates are not munificent. They are a lower proportion of average earnings than they were in 1948. While not disputing that a contemporary measure of the extent of poverty would have to be directed to the actual needs and resources of a random sample of households, I think it would be reasonable to argue, as we can only obtain a rough measure, that those 'living precariously close to the margins of poverty' could be defined as persons with an income not higher than 25 per cent. above the National Assistance level (including rent). For a single person this would average around £4 5s., for a widow and a young baby nearly £5 10s., and for a married couple with three children ranging in age from five to twelve just over £10.

The reason for fixing on 25 per cent. above the National Assistance level is that the Board disregards certain kinds of income in fixing allowances and, as is well known, makes discretionary additions to its grant for special needs such as diet, laundry and fuel, amounting to several shillings extra in many cases. Also, in considering the families of wage-earners, it seems appropriate to make some allowance for compulsory insurance contributions and the like.

In the absence of any official attempt in the post-war years to obtain reliable information one is forced to make tentative estimates from two principal sources: budget surveys, and government and other publications about the numbers of persons receiving social security benefits. These may be summarized as follows:

Numbers in Great Britain		
1. Retirement pensioners and other old people		
(i) receiving National Assistance	1.4 m.
(ii) entitled to assistance but not getting it	about	0.5 m.
(iii) income no more than 25 per cent. above National Assistance levels	about	1.0 m.
2. Widows, disabled, sick, handicapped and other persons (and their dependants)		
(i) receiving national assistance	1.2 m.

(ii) incomes below or no more than 25 per cent. above National Assistance levels (mainly National Insurance, industrial injuries and war pensions recipients)	about	1.0 m.
3. Persons living in households with at least one wage-earner where the household income is no more than 25 per cent. above National Assistance levels (principally large families)	2-3 m.	
Total			7-8 m.

I wish it were possible to be more precise. The fact that in December 1959 as many as 2,600,000 persons were receiving National Assistance is not in dispute. But two things are generally forgotten in discussions about poverty. First, there are many people below pensionable age who experience some sort of adversity for lengthy periods. There are about 400,000 persons who have been receiving National Insurance sickness benefits for six months or more, many of them for two years or more, and there are 200,000 persons who have been unemployed for more than two months (not counting dependants), quite apart from hundreds of thousands of persons sick or unemployed for shorter periods. Only some of these obtain supplementary National Assistance. There are many thousands of widows, separated wives, and unmarried mothers trying to rear their children on desperately meagre incomes.

Second, it is often forgotten that there are still several million men earning around £10 a week or less. (The Government recently estimated that even by 1961-2 as many as 3,000,000 or over 20 per cent. of adult men employed in Britain will be earning £9 a week or less.) Some have two, three, or more children to support and they fall near to National Assistance levels. The problem is not simply low wages in certain industries. In 1941 Lord Beveridge recommended a family allowance which, at present prices, would be at least 18s. a week for second and subsequent children. His recommendations were never fulfilled. At present the allowance stands at 8s. for the second child and 10s. for any subsequent child.

Mr. Seldon doubts the extent of poverty, perhaps because official publications are unrevealing or perhaps because he has no personal acquaintance with the problem. It would not be difficult for him to meet, say, an old person who has refused to apply for National Assistance and who lives on little more than the retirement pension, a widow bringing up four young children on not much more than £7 a week or a man and his family of six children living on £10 a week. I would be very ready to help him to do so.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

PETER TOWNSEND

Our Immature Society

Sir,—Unlike Mr. H. M. Dowling, I took Mr. Johnson's main theme to be not about 'conditioning' (Mr. Dowling's word), but about equipping 'our young people for the situations in which they become involved when they go out into life in the adult world and are forced to exercise increasing responsibility for their

actions and their future'—which is something different (and which I should hate to see side-tracked into an argument about whether the public schools are doing their job!).

It is a question of enabling young people to face life outside school by being shown in advance the contrasts with their 'starry-eyed' idealism, so that they are better able not only to fit in (which is different from 'conforming'), but able too to withstand pressures and go about changing society if need be. The point is not in dispute that 'society', rather than or more than school, influences young people, but that something can be done for them about this influence in advance of and during the school leaving, apprenticeship, and late adolescent stage.

The Crowther and Albemarle Reports have set out much of the background to this problem. Mr. Johnson made a practical proposal, which I support: that there should be a survey of the results of the varied experiments towards solving it. This would be an appropriate thing for the Minister of Education's Youth Development Council to ask for: it could be easily and quickly done, as the material is well known to certain of Her Majesty's Inspectors. The survey as a pamphlet could then be given wide publicity amongst local education authorities, industry and voluntary bodies.

This publicity is needed: I doubt if many listeners or readers even know what Wicken House is or what it does, much less about the variety of factory-based courses, school-leavers' and introduction to work courses, residential 'widening horizons' courses, so far done on a pilot scheme basis by a small number of bodies.

More experiment, plus the bringing together of the results of the 'work in progress', is a first step towards the wider national pattern which is so clearly needed.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

C. G. STUTTARD

Staff Tutor in Industrial Studies,
Department of Extra-Mural Studies,
University of London

Sir,—I suggest that Mr. H. M. Dowling, in commenting on 'Our Immature Society', is much too pessimistic about a school's potential influence as a source of social education. Although, as he says, social ideas are mainly acquired from the total social environment, *personal social capacity* grows, or shrivels, as a result of relationships experienced in a more intimate group setting.

At adolescence, the vital age for social education, the two most influential groups are the school and the age-group. A formative involvement in either depends on the attainment of a good level of self-respect, self-assurance, and capacity to associate and co-operate. Whether these basic social qualities are brought out or repressed largely depends on the quality of social relationships that a school provides. For example, research has shown that the level of co-operation in a class will rise under one teacher, and sink under another; it has also been demonstrated that a friendly purposeful climate in the classroom enhances individual self-respect whereas a domineering or sloppy climate depresses it.

DESERVEDLY THE MOST EXPENSIVE ELECTRIC RAZOR IN THE WORLD

It is the best

It is not uncommon for men of perfectionist inclination to try and reject dry shaving, admitting to its ease but faulting the result.

Confidently, we offer to such persons the Kobler Triplex.

The three cutting heads of the Kobler Triplex are hand-ground into their comb housing. They are not pressings but precisely formed steel units which, so fine is their marriage, are not even interchangeable amongst themselves. Larger shaving heads are now fitted to the Kobler Triplex. The use of a new steel alloy permits finer grinding of the combs; the blades are nearer the surface; the shave is closer and faster than before. In addition, the central head is raised and all three are curved along their length. This tautens the skin so that the beard stands erect. Nothing escapes.

Opinions differ as to whether the closeness of a shave depends upon the speed of the shaving action. We support the view that, as a beard is not a regular thing, a degree of speed variation is necessary. A simple control on the Kobler Triplex provides this regulation. You can, as it were, set a fine fast pace for the broad meadows of the cheeks, then a more deliberate tempo for the tricky going about the upper lip. And achieve perfection.

There are other considerations of course. Since the Kobler Triplex is intended for top and travelled people, it will perform immaculately on any current; it travels easily in its handsome pig-skin wallet; it has ample flex and a reassuring haft in

your hand. The Kobler Triplex is a fine piece of electrical engineering (a jewel, if you are knowing in these matters).

The Kobler Triplex will shave you extremely well. None more closely or more comfortably. It will satisfy you on the first day, surprise you on the second, and become a possession as prized as your watch. It is Swiss.

If your Kobler Triplex should ever need attention, this is abundantly provided. The Kobler Service Centre in the Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W.1 exists solely for the purpose of servicing these razors swiftly and correctly.

A Kobler Triplex costs £15.0.6, which is about £4.0.0 more than any other razor available. But if you consider the value rather than the price, you can only be surprised that this is not higher.

Diligence or a postcard will lead you to a Kobler Triplex. Being relatively new to this country, and the costly instruments they are, Kobler Triplex razors are not to be found everywhere.

Enquire at a good store, chemist, hairdresser or electrical dealer. Or write to us and we will arrange to have your need answered. You will be very glad that you did.



Kobler TRIPLEX

You are invited to apply to the Kobler Service Centre, 17 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1 for the address of your nearest stockist.

LESSON 1



The British have to be good at Sports because if they aren't it isn't cricket.

GUINNESS Sports & Pastimes

CRICKET is a sport that is played only by the British Umpire. You cannot have a fowl at cricket, only a duck.

SOCCER & RUGGER are played in a muddy field or football pool. In Rugger you use your hands as well as your feet, but if you use your teeth it causes a scrimmage. It is always advisable to kick off with a Guinness.



Down in one at the 19th

THE ETON WALL GAME is a Public School sport, it is played with a pancake in a muddy field.

DARTS, on the other hand, is a Public House sport. You always finish on a double Guinness.

You use a jack at BOWLS just as you do in MOTORING.



Polo is only played by chukka sahibs

HOCKEY is played in a muddy field. Often by girls. You are not allowed to raise your elbow at Hockey so Guinness drinkers have to do this after the game is over.



Dart Meet in Devon

Wherever you go you get
GUINNESS
It's a wonderful country!

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Life-long propelling pencils, precision made, elegant and of fine quality are, aptly, guaranteed for life. Available in 9 carat or rolled gold, sterling or nickel silver — for milady too—from leading Jewellers and Stationers.

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Life-Long

PROPELLING PENCILS

BCM/LIFELONG, LONDON, W.C.1

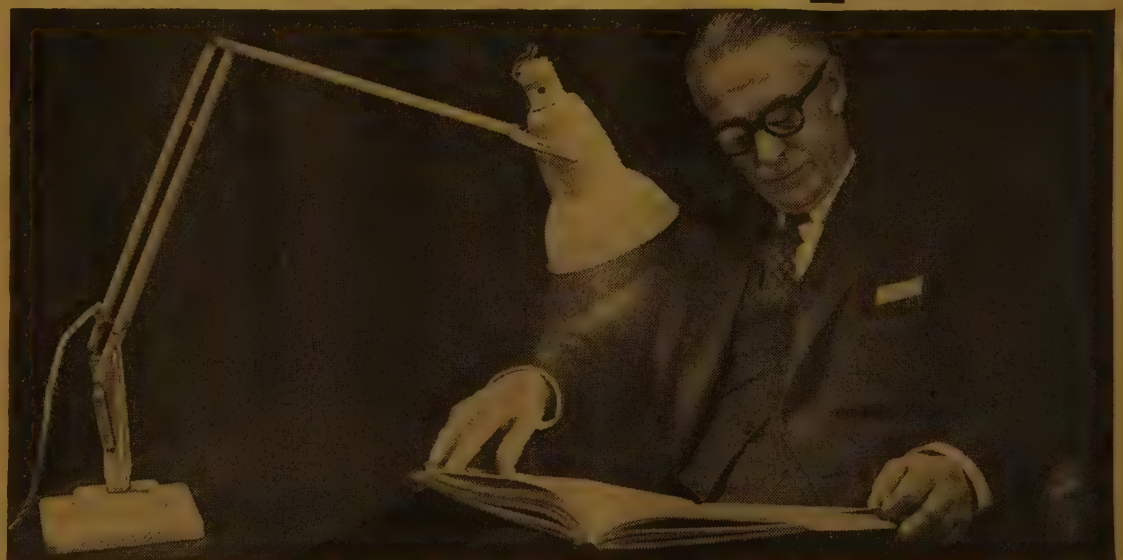
Light where you like it
—at the touch of a finger



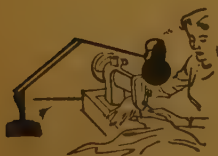
It's obvious why an Anglepoise is so named. It can be angled all ways with the touch of a finger, and stays poised always in the chosen position. Reading, writing, sewing, close work and most work—all are best seen with this genius of a lamp. That's its second name.

Home-harmonising colours complement the beauty of design. Six in all, they are: April Green — Ember Red — Daffodil — Cloud Cream — Mottled Cream and Gold — and Fashion Black.

See Anglepoise at your electrical shop: from 94/8. See them now—to see better soon.



All ways angled, always poised
is an **Anglepoise**
a genius of a lamp



Hence, it is within the power of the schools to make a vital contribution towards raising the level of social maturity in the nation. But, if they are to do so, they must be prepared to direct time and effort to this end and not just leave social education to take its chance.

Yours, etc.,

Teddington JAMES HEMMING

Sir,—In the four paragraphs of his letter Mr. H. M. Dowling states: (1) The education of children cannot be socially regenerative as the influences of the outside world are paramount; (2) 'All education . . . goes on . . . more influentially outside than in' school; (3) It depends much more on influential leaders than on day schools; (4) Boarding schools produce influential leaders and could 'condition' them.

The desperate situation indicated in paragraph (1) is fortunately modified by paragraphs (2) and (3). I suggest that even if the influence of teachers is small (which I dispute) it surely is worth while to have this exerted.

To me an important part of education is that it should be a training in the exercise of choice based on the obtaining of adequate information and the use of judgment. Teaching should both present material for judgment and give experience in the obtaining of such material. To Mr. Dowling it appears that 'conditioning' is the desirable form. In this he may be supported by those 'newspaper editors, publicity chiefs, industrialists and merchants, politicians' who make such strenuous efforts to condition the public. But I doubt if many parents or educators would agree; especially if the technical term 'conditioning' is replaced by its popular equivalent of 'brain-washing'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.7 J. GUILFOYLE WILLIAMS

Problems of 'Pan-Africa'

Sir,—The talk by Mr. Pieter Lessing, entitled 'Problems of Pan-Africa' (THE LISTENER, September 22) is very interesting and shows that Mr. Lessing has a profound knowledge of the dark problem which represents the African continent. But we think that, because of the divergencies and colossal differences in the artificial division of Africa, the call for a United Africa is a serious and important one. In a 'United States of Africa' these differences will be of second importance only, owing to the fact that everybody will belong to the same Federal Government. Secondly, it is obvious that under the aegis of one State or United States it will be much easier to combine what is supposed to be combined and to divide what is to be divided.

Yours, etc.,

Rotterdam MICHAEL CHILEWICH

Patrician Manchester

Sir,—I was interested and most encouraged by Mr. Ian Nairn's article on 'Patrician Manchester' (THE LISTENER, September 29). As Rector of St. Ann's Church (which he mentions with approval), I want to support his plea for the centre of Manchester to recover its soul. It would be exciting to have residents back in the city and the St. John Street area obviously has possibilities, but all surveyors I have talked to say that it is uneconomic to build residences in a city since office building is much cheaper (there is less plumbing). How does Mr. Nairn hope this can be overcome?

For his encouragement may I say that there

is a serious scheme afoot to make a plaza of St. Ann's Square with the support of the Civic Trust. This would close it to traffic and begin to give effect to the pedestrian way outlined in his article.

St. James' Square has an interesting story. It used to be at the top of King Street before 1745 and was the home of Jacobite support. After the Pretenders failed, Manchester merchants were anxious to prove their zeal for the Hanoverian House. They therefore demoted St. James' Square to its present rather hidden position and widened King Street to the width of the former square at the top. The loyalty of Manchester citizens has been unquestioned since that day and plain for all to see!

The changing shape of the city, with new places combining with the old, offers hope that the future centre of Manchester will be an attractive and elegant place.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 20 ERIC SAXON

Did the Vikings Discover America?

Sir,—There may be wild grapes in North America, but the description of them in the saga, with other features, is taken from the Irish Voyage of Tadhg, and the whole saga is clearly based on stories of the Celtic Otherworld. Professor Gwyn Jones (THE LISTENER, September 29) conveniently ignores the statement that there was no frost in Wine-land.—Yours, etc.,

Usk RAGLAN

Sir,—I have been interested in the talks by Professor Gwyn Jones on the Vikings' discovery of America. They are entertainingly written, though they are superficial. The letter by Mr. Patrick J. N. Bury of Waterford in your issue of September 22 has more point. Personally, I have small doubt but that Mr. Bury is correct in his conjectures.

I suggest that for anyone wishing to follow up this matter the books of Professor Holland of the University of Minnesota, dealing with the Kensington Stone and the discoveries allied to it, would be rewarding. Also, though it is little known in this country or your own, there are ruins in southern New Hampshire that suggest most strongly an Irish settlement that must have been definitely pre-Viking. The beehive structure emphatically suggests an Irish origin.

Yours, etc.,

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT
Pearl River, N.Y.

Sir,—

So the Vikings discovered America?

We, Irish, had been there before!

Just read the *Voyage of St. Brendan*,

A narrative one can depend on,

Conventional and allegoric

But, fundamentally, historic.

Yours, etc.,

Dublin THOMAS CALLAGHAN

The 'Library' Found at Nag Hammadi

Sir,—In his talk (THE LISTENER, October 6) Professor van Unnik observed that Manichaeism 'once held the allegiance of no less a man than St. Augustine', as though this theologian had added lustre to the Faith, whereas in point of fact he never progressed beyond the lower class of auditor in a religion that, like all the other mystery cults of antiquity, had its lesser and greater mysteries, the latter being only revealed to the initiate who thereupon became a full-

fledged Gnostic, known in the Manichaean religion as 'The Elect'. Augustine never reached this eminence, probably because the disciplines demanded at this level included a vegetarian diet and abstinence from wine and sexual indulgence, all of which were beyond his state of spiritual evolution. The Catholic Church promised salvation on easier terms, and so appealed more to one who admitted in his Confessions to having prayed for years: 'Give me Chastity and Continence, but do not give it yet'.—Yours, etc.,

Selsey ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON

Photographs of Pigeons

Sir,—With the season now ending many holiday-makers must have photographs taken in town squares and similar places which include, incidentally, some of the local pigeons. Such photographs are needed in a pigeon study being made at the Research Station at Glanton.

Photographs from anywhere at home or abroad, as well as those taken in previous years and old photographs, will be welcomed. Spare prints, negatives or colour transparencies, which include three or more pigeons, together with date and place, should be sent to the World Bird Research Station, Glanton, Northumberland.

Yours, etc.,

Glanton NOBLE ROLLIN

On October 10, S. W. BONARJEE, Editor, Ten O'Clock News and Comment, said in the course of a broadcast in the Home Service about the 'Ten O'Clock' news programme: 'This nightly broadcast of news and comment is three weeks young tonight. It has been quite a hectic business, and here in the "Ten O'Clock" studio we hope you are beginning to find that it provides a useful service. But our post-bag does make it clear that some of you are worried about Big Ben, and why we don't transmit each one of its ten majestic strokes. So we want to consult you, and to let you hear the pros and cons as they were vigorously debated before we went on the air.

'In these discussions several factors emerged that seemed to us to merit consideration. First, there is the undoubted fact that many people have never been certain about Big Ben as an accurate check on the time. Do the chimes or the strokes tell the time precisely—and if the strokes, which stroke? When we first began talking about it, I was not quite sure myself. Of course, when one really thinks about it, it must be the first stroke. And then the logic of the situation took hold of us. Why not, we argued, call the programme itself "Ten O'Clock", and associate it with the precise time check from Big Ben on that first stroke? The fact of the matter is that, by the tenth, it is quite noticeably past the hour.

'Then there were two professional points that weighed with us. The more important the news, the more anxious we are to tell you about it without delay, and the full panoply of Big Ben at ten does last nearly a minute and a quarter. Surprising though it may seem, abbreviating the strokes also means that we can get perhaps a couple of extra stories into the news.

'We would much welcome more of your views, and if you care to send them on a postcard to the Editor, "Ten O'Clock", Broadcasting House, London, W.1, we will consider them all most carefully. And please don't hesitate to add your comments on the programme itself'.

Painting of the Month

Velázquez's 'The Water Carrier'

By GEOFFREY AGNEW

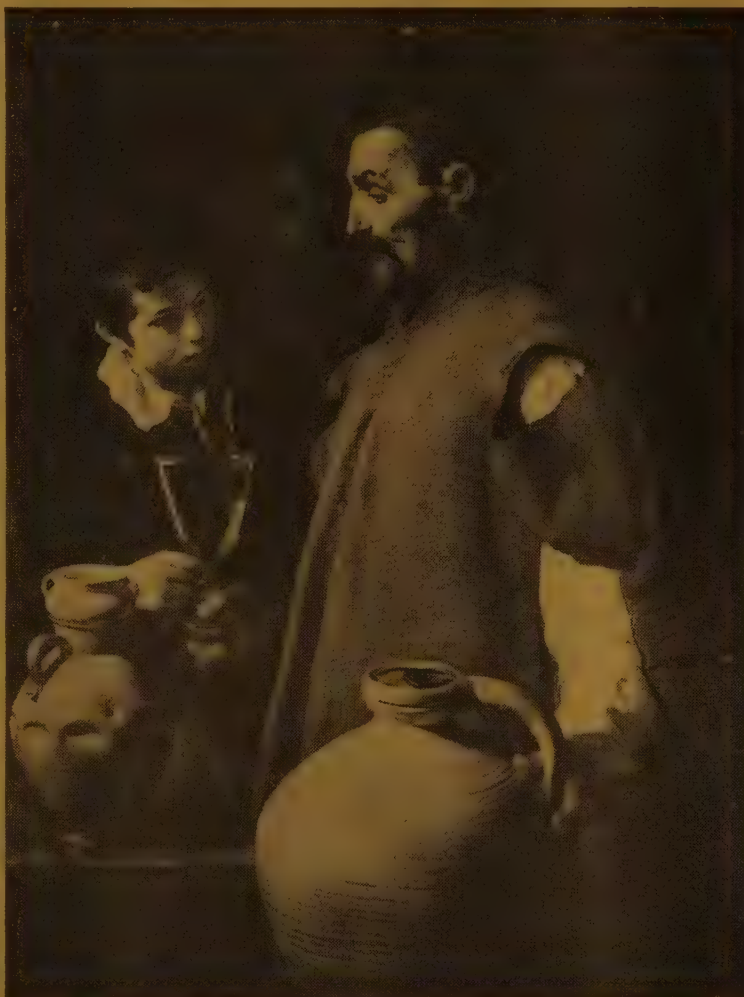
NO ARTIST, I think, is more difficult to analyse in the spoken or written word than the great Spaniard Velázquez. Virginia Woolf once posed the dilemma of all art critics before such a painter's painter. It is after dinner and the talk has fallen on painting. 'Now they are going into the silent land', she writes. 'Soon they will be out of reach of the human voice. They are making passes with their hands to express what they cannot say. What excites them is something so deeply sunk that they cannot put words to it'. Nevertheless passes with the hands are not enough: words must somehow be found.

The difficulty is that Velázquez himself does not give us much help. No artist conceals himself more successfully behind his pictures. He shares with Piero della Francesca the distinction of being the most impersonal of artists. We know the facts of his uneventful life; his youth in Seville; his subsequent life in Madrid as court painter to Philip IV, broken only by his two journeys to Italy. We know something of his independence, his dignity, the serenity of his character, the modesty which so impressed Rubens, and his self-confidence. But of what he felt we know little, for he painted without ever betraying an emotion.

Some such impersonality in method is, I suspect, a condition of all great art. Emotion must be recalled in tranquillity; the artist is more concerned with what arouses emotion than with the emotion itself. But what Mr. Berenson wrote of Piero della Francesca is equally true of Velázquez. He loved impersonality, the absence of expressed emotion, as a quality in itself. Such impersonality forces us back, when we try to analyse a picture by Velázquez, to the purely artistic qualities of form and design, colour and tone values. It also impresses us with a heroic quality, placing the artist above the level of ordinary mankind.

At first sight, however, there is nothing especially heroic about the subject of the picture I have chosen here: Velázquez's 'The Water Carrier' at Apsley House in London. Palomino, the biographer of Velázquez, writing in 1724, described it as a picture 'in which is seen a poorly dressed old man, clad in a coarse and ragged jacket, giving drink to an urchin'. Add the head of a second boy in the background, a glass, a table, a jug, and a large earthenware jar, and you have the entire ingredients. The picture was painted in Seville, Velázquez's home town, about 1618, when the artist was nineteen years old. It required considerable independence

to choose such a subject from everyday life in a country where religion was the proper theme for an artist. No doubt Velázquez was influenced by the celebrated picaresque stories of his contemporary Cervantes, and by the example of realistic painting set by Caravaggio. 'The Water Carrier' is one of a small group of pictures



'The Water Carrier', by Velázquez: in the Wellington Museum, Apsley House, London

called *bodegones*, familiar scenes of life in kitchen or tavern with a prominent accompaniment of still life. They were painted by Velázquez at the start of his career. There is another, 'The Two Boys at a Table', also in Apsley House; and 'The Old Woman Cooking Eggs', at Edinburgh, is of the same type and approximately the same date.

Fine though the Edinburgh picture is, 'The Water Carrier' is, for my taste, far the most beautiful of all Velázquez's early pictures, out-topping even the wonderful 'Adoration of the Magi' in the Prado. There is, indeed, something mysterious in the way 'The Water Carrier' outstrips in profundity and accomplishment all the other pictures which we know of this period. Certainly that was the opinion of Velázquez's contemporaries. It was the picture Velázquez

took to Madrid in 1623 to show to Philip and Olivares as a sample of his skill. It was hung by the King in his palace. It was named Palomino 'as among the most esteemed works of the artist'. It was particularly admired by Raphael Mengs, that rather dull painter but shrewd judge of pictures, to whom the rediscovery of Velázquez in the eighteenth century was principally due.

'The best models of the natural style are the works of Diego Velázquez'—so wrote Mengs. It was this naturalism, this realistic representation of the thing seen, which to many of his admirers was Velázquez's greatest quality. Pacheco, under whom Velázquez studied and who as his friend and father-in-law accompanied him to Madrid, had taught: 'I hold to the principle that Nature ought to be the chief master'. It was a principle with which Velázquez was much in sympathy. Throughout his life he relied on and painted from the model. His pictures came to him through the eye rather than through the imagination.

The chief figure in 'The Water Carrier' was an old Corsican, whose occupation was watering the streets of Seville and who, in return, had the right to supply water to the houses in the town. The boy to whom he is handing the glass was a studio boy whom Velázquez often paid to sit for him and who occurred in several other pictures. 'The Water Carrier' was evidently painted in the studio. From the acute angle at which the light strikes the figures—as it does also in 'The Old Woman Cooking Eggs', the source of light must have been a window high in the wall; from the narrowness of the shaft of light the window was probably small, the wall thick. Not only the forceful lighting with its vigorous chiaroscuro, but also the heads, the clothes, and the still life

are depicted with perfect naturalism.

The draughtsmanship is masterly. Drawing seems to have come naturally to Velázquez at an early age. You have only to examine the hand (somewhat plump, with tapering fingers, as always with Velázquez) or the eye sockets, to assure yourself of that. The Corsican is represented as a dignified old man and seen with searching intimacy. The boy holds his pose with ease. His head owes something to Greco, his look is concentrated, eager, attentive. Whether painting kings or dwarfs or more ordinary human beings, Velázquez always thoroughly understood the art of characterization. Unlike his contemporary Van Dyck, Velázquez, in his portraits, always puts the personality of the sitter first: his own style as a painter second. And the still life in the foreground is painted

as are the living people. The picture has a certain Spanish austerity and great sincerity. Compared with another, avowedly realistic picture, Rembrandt's 'The Anatomy Lesson', also the work of a young man, 'The Water Carrier' is far more successfully unified and far more alive. It is one of the astonishing facts about 'The Water Carrier' that a picture which is so immensely still (and Velázquez was seldom a painter of action) should convey so much feeling of life.

I have described 'The Water Carrier' so far as one might describe a picture painted by a highly gifted Flemish realist. But naturalism, the painting of appearances only—so horribly like, as Cézanne used to complain—is of course not enough. 'Truly art lies hid in nature, he has her that can draw her out'. Dürer meant indeed much the same as Cézanne: 'If only I could realize'; if it was only possible to paint the reality behind the appearance, the fundamental and less transitory nature of the object, the essence, so to speak; if it was only possible to discover beneath appearances some underlying structural unity. In pursuit of that ideal every picture, for Cézanne and for Velázquez, became a fresh effort of realizing and expressing what they judged was significant.

If significance, then, not pure verisimilitude, was Velázquez's aim, it became necessary, consciously or unconsciously, to plan, to arrange, above all to simplify. The design of 'The Water Carrier' is highly deliberate. We know that for Velázquez the shape of the canvas was very important. He sometimes sewed on extra strips to obtain the exact proportions which satisfied him. 'The Water Carrier' may have lost an inch or so round the edges when cut from its stretcher by Joseph Buonaparte on his flight from Madrid. (It was packed, together with 164 other unframed pictures, in the carriage captured by the Tenth Hussars after the Battle of Vittoria.) But the figures must always have been narrowly confined within the space and this concentration gives great weight and power. The three closely knit heads are balanced by the glass, the jug, and the jar, which in shape and emphasis echo the figures themselves. In one sense the living people are treated like still-life, in another sense the still-life acquires something of the character of the figures. The light strikes diagonally across the centre of the picture, catching the boy's cheek and collar and falling fiercely on the white of the old man's sleeve. The glass collects and concentrates the light at the nodal point of the picture.

Elaborate Counterpoint

The counterpoint of uprights and diagonals, triangles and ovals is extremely elaborate. The most important unseen lines seem to me to be those that drop plumb from the old man's cheekbone to the centre of the jar and from the boy's left cheekbone to the centre of the glass. The design is also very much in depth, from the great jar in the foreground to the half seen head at the back. This third head, and the shadows against which the group is posed, have, to some extent, faded and sunk into the preparatory ground. Nevertheless a great corridor of space drives back between the old man and the jar on one side, the two boys and the glass on the other. This corridor is bridged by the two hands which unite the design both in depth and in the flat, and something of the same function is per-

formed by the long sweep of the old man's arm culminating in the curves of the jar.

The colour of 'The Water Carrier' is in itself not very remarkable. It is somewhat parchment-like—perhaps a reflection of the coloured earths of Seville. But it is in the absolute harmony of the colour rather than in any brilliance of individual colouring that the grand effect resides. Browns and olives, blacks and whites give a dignity and solemnity to the whole scene. This harmony is built up by the modifications caused in colour by light, by the relation and gradation of tones within the colours. No artist had a surer sense of tone values than Velázquez. By those tones he expressed both form and space. The amplitude of form, the mighty roundness of the earthenware jar, is created by an infinite variety and range of tones. What a texture those tones make on the ringed surface of the jar! Isolate the still-life and you have pure Chardin. The head of the boy is delicately shaped by the broken lights and shadows on the face, by the range of warm tones in the hair, and by the contrasting cool tones in the collar. You can see by comparison how Caravaggio, in the Louvre picture, achieved the same effect with his boy's head, but he has used the lighting with less subtlety than Velázquez and with more dramatic intention.

Complex Orchestration of Colour

In the dress of the old man Velázquez has built up, on brown undertones, such a complex orchestration of yellows and browns and reds, and has contrasted it so boldly with the intense white of the sleeve, that he has deliberately had to flatten the figure by hardening the folds of the drapery and emphasizing the contour. Otherwise the form would have become too dominant. This creation of forms by tones looks so easy, as when Canaletto gives the very substance of a wall by playing with the variations made on it by light. It is in fact one of the most difficult artistic achievements, requiring an absolute certainty of eye and hand; and all great artists who have an intense feeling for form, Leonardo, Degas, Rembrandt, Velázquez, do their modelling in this way.

'The Water Carrier' is therefore far from being a purely naturalistic scene, a realistic rendering or glimpse of some everyday incident in the lives of simple people. It is based on a complex architectural design, with more than a hint of mathematics in its structure. All insignificant detail, such as you would find in real life, has been simplified away in the attempt to give only the essentials of what is portrayed. The old man has become as impersonal as a god, or as his earthenware jar, the symbol of detachment from life. And wood has never been so wooden as in that long enduring table. Finally, light in its effect on colour has become one of the participants in the picture, creating the forms on which it plays. 'Truly art lies hid in Nature': Velázquez has drawn her out. In doing so he has fixed the old man, his two boys, his studio properties, in a permanent relationship. How he has managed, through a glass and the hands that meet over the stem, to create such a mysterious feeling of tension between his old man and his boy, a sense that they share a secret, that the passing of a glass of water is to them an act of intense significance, I simply do not know. Cézanne, out of peasants playing cards at the inn, constructed a monumental composition in which everything, even the pipes

on the wall, has a significance greater than life. Velázquez, out of equally ordinary material, created by his feeling for and ability to realize form, 'an epic scene, in which gestures and events take on a Homeric ease and amplitude'—and with the glass playing the part of Cézanne's pipes. There is something of the sense of proportion of a Greek temple or Greek sculpture in the grave rhythms of 'The Water Carrier', the combination of a broad majestic beauty of effect with perfection of finish.

Heir of Caravaggio, Hero of Whistler

Later in his life Velázquez was to become a more creative, an even more original, artist. He developed a greater feeling for space, a feeling which reached its height in 'The Ladies-in-Waiting' and 'The Tapestry Weavers' in the Prado. He became more of a colourist, as in the 'Portrait of Philip IV in the country at Fraga', now in the Frick Collection, New York. The impressionistic technique, with which he learnt to lay his tones against each other, made him one of the founders of modern art. The brilliant and faithful heir of Caravaggio became the hero of Whistler. His visits to Italy and the influence of Venetian painting in particular enriched his palette and broadened his handling. 'Raphael, to be plain with you', he said to Salvador Rosa, 'for I like to be candid and outspoken, does not please me at all. In Venice are found the good and the beautiful; to their brush I give the first place; it is Titian that bears the banner'.

But, although 'The Water Carrier' does not represent all of Velázquez, I find in its austere formal qualities a completely satisfying picture and a forerunner of that superb achievement, the 'Portrait of Innocent X' in Rome, with which it shares the same inevitability of pose. 'Not painted but willed on to the canvas', said Mengs. '*Non pintura ma verda*', not painting but the truth. I do not think that is an exaggerated description of this, the first of Velázquez's masterpieces. But now, if I go further, I shall go into the silent land and start making passes with my hands. So I must leave you to study for yourselves Velázquez's 'Water Carrier of Seville'. Thanks to the fortunes of war and to the great generosity of the present Duke of Wellington, it is now your property.

—Home Service

In addition to the paper-backs mentioned on pages 628 and 637, the following new titles in the Fontana Library (Collins) may be noted: *To the Finland Station* by Edmund Wilson (7s. 6d.); *Primitive Christianity* by Rudolf Bultmann (6s.); *Britain's Structure and Scenery* by L. Dudley Stamp (7s. 6d.); *The Varieties of Religious Experience* by William James (7s. 6d.); and *Doomsday Book and Beyond* ('Three Essays in the Early History of England') by F. W. Maitland (8s. 6d.).

Albert Einstein's essay on *Relativity* has been reprinted by Messrs. Methuen and Co. as UP 10 in their new series of University Paperbacks. Its price is 7s. 6d. Other titles in the series include: UP 1. *Archaeology and Society* by Grahame Clark (12s. 6d.); UP 2. *Form and Meaning in Drama* by H. D. F. Kitto (12s. 6d.); UP 3. *Greek Political Theory* by Ernest Barker (12s. 6d.); UP 4. *History of Political Thought in the 16th Century* by J. W. Allen (12s. 6d.); UP 5. *Introduction to the French Poets* by Geoffrey Brereton (12s. 6d.); UP 6. *Introduction to Social Psychology* by W. McDougall (12s. 6d.); UP 7. *Landmarks in Russian Literature* by M. Baring (7s. 6d.); UP 8. *Mysticism* by Evelyn Underhill (12s. 6d.); UP 9. *Plato: The Man and his Work* by A. E. Taylor (12s. 6d.); UP 11. *The Sacred Wood* by T. S. Eliot (7s. 6d.); UP 12. *The Wheel of Fire* by G. Wilson Knight (12s. 6d.); UP 13. *William the Silent* by C. V. Wedgwood (12s. 6d.)

'Shiva Lay in Wait for Me'

By FRANCIS WATSON

IT WAS FOR DE QUINCEY that Shiva lay in wait, in that opium-dream in which images of 'unimaginable horror' sprang from the encounter with a turbaned Malay tramping the innocent dales of Westmorland. The spinal shiver can be felt again, just after the Indian Mutiny, in Ruskin's notorious view of an art revealing its creators as 'bound in the dungeon of their own corruption': even, perhaps, as late as 1941, when a travelling member of the Sitwell family admitted that 'the idea of India, despite its marvels, continued to be repellent'. Today, as though to exorcise what remains of demonology, the vestal virgins of the fashion-industry are flown to India to pose on temple steps. Meanwhile the 'mere antiquity of Asiatic things', which appalled De Quincey, has been pushed back another 2,000 years.

This happened in the nineteen-twenties, when the late Sir John Marshall and his Indian archaeologists uncovered the Indus Valley civilization. The gaps are still enormous: what visible records are there to carry the imagination from the mysterious end of the Indus cities in the second millennium B.C. to the appearance of Alexander in 325 B.C.? The thought of what has been destroyed by time and invasion is as stupefying as the magnificence that remains. The gaps, however, are the concern of the historiographers, who for a long time dominated the study of Indian art which they had pioneered. The feeling of continuity persists. The humped cattle of the fields, the bull who guards Shiva's Hindu shrine and surmounts Asoka's Buddhist pillar, were there before the Vedas were compiled. They appear, with an undeciphered script, on the copper seals of Mohenjo-Daro. The little bronze dancing-girl with which today's picture books so often open gets a full page to herself in the latest and most sumptuous of them*. She is not Sumerian. She is pre-Aryan, but Indian.

The Buddha was Indian, and Aryan. But would De Quincey have recognized his calm countenance among 'the ancient, monumental, cruel and elaborate religions of Hindustan'? Of the 5,000 books in the cottage at Grasmere there could not, in 1818, have been one to present him with an idea of the Buddhist period in India, the creed or its images. It was the subsequent annexation of the Punjab that provided the first field for systematic archaeology; and the Buddhist carvings from the north-western frontier regions (Gandhara), in limestone or in stucco, the first canons for collectors. Early Buddhist sculpture, as at Sanchi, represented the Buddha by the well-known symbols and ex-

pendent itself on the Jataka parables with a wealth of folklore from field and forest. M. Frédéric regards the appearance of the Buddha as a human figure as the most important and characteristic Greek contribution to Indian art. Sir John Marshall, in his last book, *The Buddhist Art of Gandhara*†, confirms that that school initiated the idea and practice, but gives closer attention to distinguishing different periods. But whether these periods are labelled Indo-Greek, or Graeco-Indian, or Romano-

identify any such image with Gautama—not only Bodhisattvas but Jain saints and Hindu deities in their benign aspects. The gap still yawned between this and the many-limbed mysteries,

'And the loose loves carved on the temple-stones'. One remembers hearing it expressed by visitors to the Burlington House exhibition of Art from India and Pakistan just after the war. One remembers from the same occasion that among the critics who should have closed the gap for us, some confessed that the whole background of Indian art was a gap in their own knowledge and experience. Strange, for the Academy had given us winter harvest of both Chinese and Persian art without provoking this critical diffidence.

This is not to say that we have altogether lacked interpreters. They have been many and even, in separate fields, too brilliant, so that one is seduced by a metaphysical exposition on the one hand, and on the other led into the labyrinth of scholasticism. There has perhaps been a line of rescue put out by those who write about craftsmen's guilds, about quarries and chisels and generations of working hands—notably by Professor Codrington with his battle-cry of 'Schoolmen do not create art: artists do'. But the problem seems still to be what Cunningham found a century ago: that there is a great deal to learn.

And so there is, about Bhuvaneshwar or about Chartres. And wonderfully rewarding it can be, after we have given our eyes a chance at either site. The influence of Raymond Burnier's



Three-faced Shiva at Elephanta

From 'Indian Temples and Sculpture'

Graeco-Indian, or Indo-Afghan, the fact remains that our road to the discovery of Indian sculpture ran through the Khyber Pass. Until recently some of the best Gandhara sculptures were to be found in the Guides' Mess at Mardan. Others—some plainly Hellenistic reliefs—were in the collection of the Church Missionary Society at Peshawar, which would probably not have cherished Durga slaying the buffalo-demon or a fragmentary *maithuna* embrace.

Shiva, in short, still lay in wait for us. We hovered on the outskirts of Greek civilization, aware of something beyond that was wild and strange. Orientalism had been founded by a handful of cultivated Englishmen in Calcutta in the eighteenth century; but orientalism led to iconography rather than to the enjoyment of art. Even the passionate campaign for Indian art initiated by E. B. Havell fifty years ago tended at first to promote a superficial Buddhist serenity as the ideal sculptural achievement; so that the average westerner in India, sympathetic but daunted by a sense of ignorance, was led to

immensely painstaking series of close-ups from Khajuraho has been very great. And the single valid objection, that these individual masterpieces were part of an unseen whole, has been visually corrected in a flood of subsequent photography. Not only the title of *Indian Temples and Sculpture*, but many fine examples among more than 400 illustrations, assert this unity of sculpture and architecture. The strong light beats upon the superbly realized forms and the Shiva-nightmare is over. Whether the author and compilers were wise, however, to cover the 'Indo-Muslim' period under the same head is one of several questions which the text and arrangement of the work would provoke if one could take one's eyes off the pictures. No doubt there is an Indian 'personality' stamped upon the art of the great peninsula, whether one's ticket be marked to Pakistan (conscientious guardian of Buddhist Gandhara and the Indus culture) or to India (inheritor of the chief Mogul glories). But the dreams of Aurungzeb, one would think, might be as troubled as De Quincey's.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Boswell for the Defence: 1769-1774

Edited by W. K. Wimsatt and F. A. Pottle. Heinemann. 30s.

Reviewed by C. COLLEER ABBOTT

HERE IS THE SEVENTH volume of the 'trade' or 'reading' edition of the Boswell Papers gathered at Yale. *Boswell for the Defence* (the title is not heaven-sent) follows a plan already well explored. It gathers not only Boswell's fully written journals for the period (including two London journals with the pages torn out for use in the *Life* restored to their place) but also notes for that journal, never 'trussed and larded', letters from various sources and other important documents. It is therefore a composite volume providing the 'common reader' with a wider view of Boswell and his concerns than the journals alone would give. It gives him, indeed, rather more than he deserves. Beyond this are such aids as he might expect—sufficient annotation, perceptive introduction, excellent index, maps and portraits. Outside its scope is that record of vigorous exertion and heroic endurance, the Scottish tour of 1773.

Friends of Boswell will find here a splendid and abundant meal. Most sides of his nature are shown except the rampaging *couteur de nuit*. He is now married (November 25, 1769), not indeed to one of the many heiresses he had in mind, fortunately for him and her, but to a wife whose affectionate understanding is to be his salvation till her death. His first legitimate child, a son, dies shortly after birth but soon his daughter Veronica, perhaps his favourite child, rejoices his heart. Conscious of former amorous follies he determines to be a responsible husband though to find him a 'reformed' character would be too much to expect. He is now establishing himself as an advocate in Edinburgh, earning satisfactory fees and valued for his own sake, not merely as the son of Lord Auchinleck. But there are drawbacks to life in Edinburgh. He is still a dependant under the critical eye of a censorious father who merely tolerates his wife. Though free of the best society, he finds it parochial in outlook, unbearably coarse in manners and conversation compared with his paradise, London. To make existence tolerable he is driven to drink heavily even in polite company with the result that his excesses are deplorable—even frightening. Once, outrageously drunk, he had cursed his wife in a 'shocking manner' and 'thrown a candlestick with a lighted candle at her'.

Despite the need to consolidate his growing practice he snatches at the chance providentially provided to visit London. Here he is at once in his true element, a man of consequence warmly welcomed almost everywhere for his good nature, vitality and lively mind. The visit is repeated next year (1773) and one feels how churlish it would be to grudge him these months of felicity, so admirably and perseveringly chronicled: 'I have a happy talent in making myself interested and pleased with small things'. The riches of these journals are already well known. Let me recall one incident, the grotesque scene where the 'awful and melancholy' John-

son, in a convulsive fit of immoderate laughter, laid hold of a post for support and 'bellowed forth such peals that in the dark silence of the night his voice resounded from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch'.

But the most exciting episode in the book (glanced at in the title) is of another kind, uniting the Boswell irresistibly drawn to public executions and the Boswell who befriends as advocate the helpless and despairing. Quite early he was thought to jeopardize his practice by undertaking impossible defences.

His first client in a criminal case was John Reid, accused, in 1766, on the capital charge of sheep-stealing. Rather luckily, in a personal triumph, he secured the man's acquittal. In 1774, when Reid was again arrested on a similar charge, Boswell again undertook his defence, vowing to taste no wine till the trial was over, pursuing his task with the utmost seriousness in a strange excitement. The evidence, circumstantial and other, convincingly pointed to Reid's guilt though he persisted that another man, then transported, was the thief. He was found guilty. There is a macabre account of how Boswell, after the verdict, drank with the jury, elated at their applause for his pleading, and 'we had six pints of claret secured for a future meeting'.

His amazing efforts did not end there. He seemed to make it a point of honour to procure a sentence of transportation instead of death. An appeal to the king, fortified by all the influence at his command, led merely to a postponement of the execution. He then planned, and took full measures to carry out, a bizarre attempt to get possession of the body of the hanged man and with the aid of sympathetic surgeons restore him. Circumstances prevented this foolhardy plan being attempted. Boswell's morbid obsession with Reid's fate (he had his portrait painted in prison and wrote for his approval his 'dying' broadside) is a fantastic mixture of compassion and self-dramatization. James Bridie might have realized it on the stage. Reid protested his innocence even on the scaffold.

The City. By Paul Ferris. Gollancz. 21s. In the Centre of Things. By Paul Einzig.

Hutchinson. 30s.

These two books are in no way allied or complementary, but they are linked by the essentially human and personal character of their treatment of the City of London. Paul Ferris is no financial expert; but he is a brilliant journalist. As such he accepted the challenge to describe the City as he would have tackled any other reporting assignment—that is with an eye wide open for the human beings behind the façade of stone walls and discreetly closed doors that usually meets the would-be observer. He has succeeded remarkably well. Though he admits that he began and ended his research with a moderate bias against the City, this very fact enhances the occasional praise and appreciation of the institutions, and of the men he has met. As a journalist Mr. Ferris has looked primarily for good copy—the takeover, the Bank rate tribunal, the speculator, the vendor of ready-made companies. This may not provide a fit

introduction to the City for the innocent newcomer. But it ought to be required reading for everybody in the City, who will find in it sharp observation, good writing and, if he is able to laugh at himself, a source of keen entertainment.

Dr. Einzig's City is essentially that of the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties when he was in his prime as a financial and diplomatic journalist and when his Lombard Street column in the *Financial News* spread terror as well as admiration among bankers and statesmen. Paul Einzig has always been a bonny fighter, usually in a good cause, as when he battled against the appeasement of tyrants before the war, sometimes in bad ones, as in his fight against the Bretton Woods Agreements. Those who want to relive such episodes as the suspected surrender of Czech gold to the Reichsbank before the war (and who incidentally want to discover the true and surprising outcome of that affair) will find this book well worth reading.

PAUL BAREAU

Portrait of Manet by Himself and his Contemporaries. Edited by Pierre Courthion and Pierre Cailler. Translated by Michael Ross. Cassell. 30s.

Manet (1832-83) is one of the pivotal figures in the history of modern painting. It is therefore important to understand his character and the nature of the ideals that inspired him. This book is perhaps a short cut to that end. Essentially a scrapbook, it begins with some recorded sayings of the painter and some of his not very revealing letters, and then traces the main outlines of his life by means of extracts from the memoirs of his contemporaries. Two critical sections follow, one consisting of articles by his contemporaries and friends such as Zola and Baudelaire, the other of posthumous estimates by such writers as Paul Mantz, Joseph Péladan, and Paul Valéry. A final section is devoted to brief documents such as Manet's birth certificate and last will and testament. There is a short bibliography.

Whether miscellaneous clippings add up to a convincing portrait is to be doubted—the complete correspondence, or a complete monograph such as that of Antonin Proust (on which the editors rely for a substantial number of extracts) would perhaps be more impressive. But the volume will be useful to those who have no time to make their own researches, and some of the items (such as the quotations from newspapers and reviews of the time) are not easily accessible. These include a little known essay by Zola from *L'Evénement Illustré* of May 10, 1868, describing the sitting he gave to Manet for a portrait. This single article brings us nearer to Manet and his methods than anything else in the volume—for example:

From time to time, as I posed, half-asleep, I looked at the artist standing at his easel, with features drawn, clear-eyed, engrossed in his work. He had forgotten me, he no longer knew I was there, he simply copied me, as if I were some human beast, with a concentration and artistic integrity I have seen nowhere else . . . What, personally, astonished me, was the extreme conscientiousness of the artist.

It is difficult, eighty years after they were painted, to appreciate the public rage and incomprehension that greeted, when they were first exhibited, such canvases as 'Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe' and 'Olympia'. Bazire wrote in 1884 about 'Olympia': 'It's quite unimaginable how this young girl, negress and cat were insulted and jibed at. The most gross and ridiculous epithets were bestowed upon them. In the eyes of the academicians it was a profanation of art; in the eyes of the scoffers it was an inexhaustible subject for puns and nonsense; and the greater part of the visitors to the Salon, who had no real minds of their own and who were stupidly influenced by the stupidity of others, joined chorus with the scoffers and reactionaries'. The most balanced view was expressed by George Moore in his *Confessions of a Young Man* (1888):

People talk of Manet's originality; that is just what I can't see. What he has got, and what you can't take away from him, is a magnificent execution. A piece of still-life by Manet is the most wonderful thing in the world; vividness of colour, breadth, simplicity, and directness of touch—marvellous!

The translation by Michael Ross for the most part reads well, though comparison of a passage from Valéry's *Triomphe de Manet* with the same passage as translated by David Paul (*Collected Works of Paul Valéry*, vol. xii, Routledge, 1960) suggests that it might sometimes have been better.

HERBERT READ

For Victory in Peaceful Competition with Capitalism. By Nikita S. Khrushchev. Hutchinson. 40s.

This volume contains sixty-nine speeches, press interviews and open letters delivered or published by Mr. Khrushchev in the course of 1958. Most of them appeared in our press at the time, in summary form at least. In a preface written for this volume Mr. Khrushchev stresses the desire of the Soviet Union to avoid war. Since he is quite aware that a nuclear war would destroy not only his enemies, but the Soviet Union as well, and quite probably himself, there is no need to doubt his assurance. What is more interesting to discover is whether Mr. Khrushchev has any intention of making an agreement with the West on any terms other than his own. 'Aggression', he tells us, is 'alien to the very nature of the socialist system', by which he means the state bureaucratic system of the Soviet Union. This does not, perhaps, sound very convincing when it comes from the leader of a power which in the last twenty years has swallowed the three Baltic states, half of Poland and most of Eastern and Central Europe.

Again, one of his main rules, he tells us, is to 'observe the principle of complete non-interference by states in the affairs of other states'. Perhaps he is sensitive about this particular whopper, because nearly a hundred pages are devoted to speeches made during his stay in Hungary. As he told a mass meeting in Budapest, it was in Hungary in November 1956 that 'the Soviet Union performed a supreme act of proletarian solidarity and done [sic] its sacred international duty by a fraternal country'. Was there any single person in the audience who could believe this, one wonders? The speech, we are told, was 'repeatedly interrupted by stormy and prolonged applause'.

That is not all. An audience of 'workers' at Csepel—the main core of resistance, it will be recalled, during the Hungarian revolution—is said to have greeted the following statement with similar 'stormy, prolonged applause': 'The workers and peasants, the working people of Hungary, succeeded in rallying their forces and smashing the counter-revolutionary conspirators with the assistance of Soviet troops'. So long as this kind of monstrous double-talk, to the accompaniment of a claqué of stooges, is offered as evidence of good faith, what hope can there be for genuine agreement, or for any kind of peace other than the peace of surrender? The translations into Soviet English officialese are, incidentally, quite atrocious, and do not do justice to Mr. Khrushchev's peculiar racy style.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

A Treasury of Early Music

By Carl Parrish. Faber. 30s.

An anthology of music, which is what this volume is, in poetry or prose is everybody's bedside book since everybody, more or less, can read and a good many understand what they are reading. E. V. Lucas's *The Open Road* was one's boyhood clue to charming, sometimes great, writing and from that one went on to explore alone. But an anthology of music, could that be a possibility? Certainly it is a much later effusion. There has been some diffidence among publishers in taking the risk, an expensive risk, of presenting the public with music type they are expected to read as easily as the printed word. Histories of music such as the Oxford and dictionaries such as Grove have used music type to exemplify their theses, programme notes for concerts have done the same, though I am told (which I do not believe) that concert-goers cannot read music type.

But the music anthology, though it has come late, has come to stay. The Davison-Apel *Historical Anthology* (1946) was followed in 1952 by Carl Parrish's and John F. Ohl's *Masterpieces of Music before 1750* which provided more extensive notes on the music examples; and now comes the present volume dealing with works of the middle ages, the renaissance and the baroque era, edited by Carl Parrish alone. As in the previous volume the commentaries are well written and of great value to the ordinary reader. Each example is preceded by a brief, closely reasoned, informative, often brilliant critical analysis; and thus the reader has no excuse for lack of comprehension though the matter is at first recondite.

There must be few, even of the most dedicated musicologists, who can adequately savour the first ten of the fifty examples here. The effort of putting the mind in reverse so that it comprehends the mental processes of the men who wrote this music (for example the Organum Duplum *Viderunt omnes* from the twelfth century) is exhausting; the attuning of one's ears to so distant a past is a labour of intense specialization. But, even if bewildered by the earliest music, the majority of readers will find the book to have considerable value as a scientific reconstruction that presents some six centuries of music in clear and simple perspective.

The nearer we get to the final example, taken from an opera buffa by Pergolesi, the more accessible the music becomes to our fuller understanding, although there is hardly an example

that has not some element of surprise within it; and one cannot but admire the erudite sense of curiosity that has led the compiler to poke his finger into pies so rich in plums. From the perusal of each example one is led to inquire further and thus the purpose of the book, to open up ways for further exploration, is fulfilled. A caccia, a frotolla, no less than an isorhythmic motet (which demands much concentration if the method is to be followed) or a psalm setting by Goudimel in which the music, by contrast, becomes solidified in form and outline (the book is full of such illuminating contrasts), stimulate a reader's imagination and urge him to go deeper into each specific problem. At a recent harpsichord recital in London was a work of entrancing character by Alessandro Poglietti, a rare name yet one which somehow struck a note in the memory; and here he is, in the pages of this anthology, to which memory turned that evening in Wigmore Hall. Certainly this is a book to cherish.

SCOTT GODDARD

A History of the Nursing Profession By Brian Abel-Smith.

Heinemann. 30s.

Dr. Abel-Smith is one of a small group of sociologists who are devoting themselves with profit to the scientific study of Britain's health services. It is high time that outside observers made a critical examination of the professions supplementary to medicine, for Parliament is now engaged in creating seven new supplementary professions. Of the supplementary professions nursing is by far the oldest and largest. Indeed it is two-and-a-half times as big as the medical profession itself. Over the past hundred years, the problems of nursing professionalism have been examined and fought over in immense detail. So it is the best possible starting-point. Those who are now engaged in professionalizing physiotherapy, radiography, chiropody and the rest will be wise to study the difficult route followed by the nurses; Dr. Abel-Smith has provided them with the ideal guide-book. It is perhaps a little heavy and a little repetitive in parts; but it is so full of good things that skipping is impossible. Dr. Abel-Smith is concerned with the development of the structure of the profession, recruitment and terms and conditions of service in England and Wales. No attempt is made to study the changes in nursing techniques and skills, for this is an exercise in social medicine rather than political sociology. Nor is history dealt with before 1800.

Demographic factors—the late age of marriage, low marriage rates, and migration—had produced a pool of idle spinster labour in the prosperous Victorian family. It was into this pool that Miss Nightingale and her colleagues dipped. Not that Miss Nightingale was wedded to lady nurses. For supervision and organizing work, a high social background could be a real advantage. But for practical nursing in the ward or the home, the farmer's daughter and even the tradesman's daughter were often ideal. Nursing was an escape from the parental nest; but it was also an instalment in the emancipation of women. So some of the reformers, for example the startling Mrs. Bedford Fenwick who became Matron of Bart's at the age of twenty-four, were prominent in the early suffragette movement. But upper middle-class ladies have always been a small minority of the total nursing force, and



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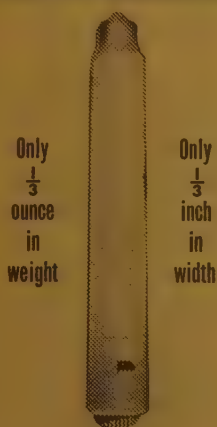
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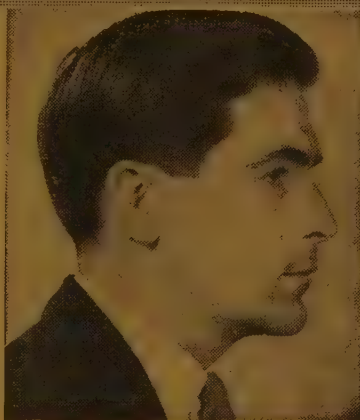
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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM

the good old days when all nurses were ladies exist only as a fantasy of nursing historians.

The socio-political history of nursing since Miss Nightingale has revolved around four chief issues: the battle for state registration; the continuous shortage of nurses; the problem of dilution with semi-skilled or even untrained labour; and the growth of negotiating machinery and Whitleyism. Miss Nightingale was a firm opponent of registration, on the assumption that nursing skill could not be assessed by examination, a hypothesis in which there is now known to be some truth. But on balance, registration was not only right but inevitable. The thirty-year war fought to achieve it was marked by much internal squabbling among the nurses' organizations, largely as a result of the mistaken virulence of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick. Even the General Nursing Council itself, created in 1919 to supervise the register, had to be overruled by Parliament when it tried to exclude practically

experienced non-qualified nurses. But wise statesmen from outside, for example Sir Arthur Stanley, the Treasurer of St. Thomas's, brought the two sides together, and since the nineteen-twenties progress has been slow but steady.

Scarcity of nurses is no new phenomenon. But it took two world wars to force the profession to accept purposeful dilution. There are now four types of nursing worker in hospitals: state registered nurses, state enrolled assistant nurses, nursing auxiliaries, and nursing orderlies. Increasingly, the part-time nurse is coming into her own. With the development of the Whitley Council for Nurses, nursing has at last achieved a reasonable economic status. The presence of tough trade union negotiators alongside the professional representatives has, strangely enough, helped the professionals more than the unions. It was militant union action which won the student nurses' battle in 1948, and the latest 1959 awards have at last extended the students'

victory to the whole profession. Since 1937, increases in nurses' salaries are one third up on general wage increases, and are double the increase in retail prices. The cost of nursing staff is now almost a quarter of the whole cost of the hospital service.

The political history of British nursing is one with a relatively happy ending—so far. In quality of nursing care, we lead the world. But there are plenty of problems for the future. Experiments in a shorter basic nurse training, with post-registration specialization, are already starting. Is nursing too 'status-ridden'? Are the matron's powers still too wide? Should nurse-training recognize that most of its products will become mothers and extra-hospital citizens for the greater part of their lives? These are social problems to be investigated by the methods of social science. For this work, Dr. Abel-Smith has given the nurses the foundation on which to build.

TAYLOR

New Poetry

Poems. By Dom Moraes. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

A Common Grace. By Norman MacCaig. Hogarth Press and Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

Some Men are Brothers. By D. J. Enright. Hogarth Press and Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

Creatures and Emblems. By Kathleen Nott. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

FOUR CONTEMPORARY BRITISH poets and four, or at least three, different schools (I hope Kathleen Nott isn't going to found one). And who comes out best? Moraes, *hélas*. I have heard it said that Moraes is a *poseur* and not a poet at all. This seems to me mistaken. There are things in his collection, especially in those beautifully managed short-lined songs, conventional in their properties, but sharpened by contemporary ironies, which have a genuine lift and thrill.

Then weather for the death of Christ
—No wind at all; and rain like spears—
Came on the hillside, with a mist
As blinding as a mist of tears.

His verse is the gentlest romantic stuff, personal, legendary and mythological, shot through with an eye-flashing melancholy. Those great dark-pupilled eyes do execution elsewhere than on the dust-jacket. He is a parlour Hamlet and one who, like Ophelia, turns everything to prettiness and favour. (The tubercular beggars of his native India intrude only as another plangent chord.) Nothing exists outside the poetic personality, drawn from the icy peaks and the flight of the hawk to the lodestar of his homekeeping Spenserian love. He pervades the poems like some soft-footed fetish animal—an angel with twitching nose, a deer with 'dew-light feet' under the 'soft-pawed sky'. Sickly-sweet stuff? Yes, but with something sharpening it, shifts of tone into the casual and precise

The yaks like clumps of wool
Stump through red poison-flowers,

and a modish but telling variation on established harmonies.

Norman MacCaig belongs to the 'epistemological' school, whose ancestors are Valéry and Wallace Stevens. Their aim is to trace in the description of an outward scene the lines of some technical problem of philosophy—appearance and reality, the one and the many, flux versus permanence, the part versus the whole. Their poems bite their own tail: the particulars

with which the poem opens make a return appearance later as the general. Behind the technique of the verse lies the imagists' desire that their work should be the thing it describes; several of MacCaig's poems begin as statements about landscape and end as propositions about language. He depends heavily on the kind of word-play which links the particular and the general, the concrete and the abstract; so

Light birds thud on the ground, a thumping lie.
His poems are all knitted neatly together by such puns and alliterations and use of homonyms; they resemble a tidy semi-abstract canvas in the contemporary manner. He is, on the other hand, an attractive and not a difficult poet. His neo-metaphysical conceits—like that of the divided fisherman whose legs under the water seem like a separate creature wading—are often charming (this one might have been Charles Cotton's); indeed his easy-going and fanciful temperament has by nature little in common with the passionate pursuit of congruities, the devoted excavation of the paradigm, of his masters.

It is equally clear what school D. J. Enright belongs to. Like Philip Larkin (his superior as an artist) he is out to make poetry from absolute, unambitious honesty. It is enough for him to be human and ordinary and to give exact rendering to the promptings of a humane consciousness. His role of professional and itinerant humanist is very sympathetic and one waits eagerly for the perfect Enright poem, one in which the looseness of his verse justifies itself as flexibility, a freedom of approach allowing the subject to impose its own natural shape. (It would be the aesthetic counterpart of his tolerant and adaptable humanist ethic.) One has to do a lot of waiting; indeed, one gets into a mood of thinking the whole thing not poetry at all. When one remembers what Ezra Pound has done with free verse, Enright's often seems to have no more tension than a burst balloon. His great rambling

octameters are not pulled into order by any tautness in the lines which follow them; indeed it seems a point of honour that no line should ever repeat the rhythm of the one that went before. And lacking any formal interest, what the poems have to say often seems scrappy and conventional too. However, the successes come at last, and they are worth waiting for. What really seizes and disturbs his humanism is the realization that there are some men who are outside its range; that there are human castaways so abject that it would be hypocrisy to think of them as human at all. Out of this thought springs a poem, 'Written Off', about Japanese vagrants, which is taut, poised, and most moving in its directness.

The death of every taste lies here,
Mummied in barely rustling straw.
What could you make of such vast absences?
Blank mind, blank sense, blank bolted door.

There is a puzzle about Kathleen Nott. A clear-headed, no-nonsense critic, when she begins to write 'creatively' her pen emits fog. At first sight the poems in her new collection sit on the page with immaculate obscurity, Cimmerian opacity. After patient, sore-eyed reading the murk lifts here and there (especially in 'The Hibernation (Oh to be in England!)' and 'Taormina', but not enough to make it clear what a whole poem is saying or, often, what kind of a poem it is meant to be. One piece, however, 'Abraham and the Ram', does make a big impact. The ram it celebrates is a prodigious Blakean beast and his monody swells into a strange bardic crescendo of much magnificence; a few obscurities rather enhance its vatic richness and oddity. Elsewhere one tends to feel that Kathleen Nott translates her thoughts into high-class double talk and decorates them with superfluous perceptions, in order to disguise them—not because they are platitudes, but because they are phantasms which can't quite face the light of day.

P. N. FURBANK

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Too Many Series?

KNOWING SOMETHING OF the pressures involved in keeping weekly and monthly journals filled with 'good stuff', I can understand very well the attractions that serials, series, and similar regular contributions must have for the B.B.C. programme planners with their larger needs. They are great time- and trouble-savers and, if you can get enough of the right sort, you feel that half your problems are solved.

In journalism the series mentality is, on the whole, suspect and rightly so. It can lead to laziness and to a stretching of material over more instalments than it is worth. The B.B.C., with its seven-days-a-week schedules to fill (and no newspaper has that number) is obviously subject to the same temptations. Does it, I wonder, resist them as ruthlessly as it should?

Take, as an example, the new 'Spy-catcher' series. Was the decision to produce it made because viewers had positively demanded the return of Colonel Pinto (as an earlier generation had demanded the return of Sherlock Holmes), or because someone in the department concerned, casting his mind about for something with which to fill the gaps on Tuesday evenings in the autumn, thought it a pity to let a good idea go after only one series and convinced his colleagues that another could just about be squeezed out of Colonel Pinto's writings?

The first series contained some excellent war-time tales excellently told. It also showed the limitations of the idea: it provided the script-writer with only one basic plot, the variations on which would be exhausted after some half-dozen treatments. About the second series, which began on October 4 with 'Left Luggage', I have the feeling that it will turn out like the later Sherlock Holmes stories—not a patch on the first. Going back to an idea, like going back to scenes of childhood, is always an indulgence and usually a disappointment.

The dangers of the series mentality seem to

be apparent in 'The Flying Years', in which Sir Alan Cobham will tell the story of the aeroplane from 1900 to the present. Such a history can probably be told only in serial form, for it is too long to be contained in a single programme; but why, unless in response to the insidious urge to make a good idea go as far as possible, extend it to four instalments? The last two, spanning the periods 1939-1949 and 1949-



Bernard Archard (left) as Lt.-Colonel Oreste Pinto and John Breslin as the suspected spy in 'Left Luggage', first of the new 'Spy-catcher' series

1960 respectively, will surely tell us little we do not know first-hand or have not learnt from other sources, including B.B.C. documentary. There is, I feel, a kind of Parkinson's Law at work here.

Let us be thankful, at any rate, for the first instalment. I found it enthralling. What a blessing that the camera had been invented before the first aeroplane left the ground. The film extracts we saw last week still had, fifty years afterwards, the power to impart some of the excitement, thrills and sense of adventure of man's first efforts to become airborne. Sir Alan Cobham's commentary, seemingly improvised as he spoke but presumably not, had the same ring of genuineness about it.

The operation of the new Parkinson's Law was, I suggest, to be seen in the final Hans Hass series too, some of the programmes of which were distinctly 'thin' where the stretching process had been carried too far. The last ('Shark Wreck', October 7) had been given such a build-up in *Radio Times* and between-programme announcements that we were led to expect something very much out of the ordinary. For me the drum had been beaten too loudly. In view of what Hass had repeatedly told us in earlier programmes about the innocuous habits of sharks, the 'daring exploit' . . . that 'found out something of great use to shipwrecked sailors' seemed a tame affair. But it produced some superb pictures of sharks.

I shall miss Hans Hass and his naïve Teutonic 'humour', not to mention Lotte and the others. And so, I feel, will the B.B.C. What other basic situation is there that will bring in such a steady flow of 'good stuff'?

'Face to Face' in theory can go on for ever, though the finding of suitable 'victims' is possibly not always easy. One would have thought that a German general, with no regrets for his actions in the last war except that they did not bring his side victory, would have made a perfect subject for John Freeman's needling interrogation. But General von Senger (October 2), having had fifteen years in which to think up his answers, was too evasive to be convincing. 'Face to Face' needs a certain minimum of candour in its sitters if it is to succeed.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

No Laughing Matter

THE STRONG SUIT this week has been violence, from the gory hatchet work in *Henry VI* to the more terrifying chivs flashing rapaciously in Mr. Alun Owen's *The Ruffians* (October 9). Mr. Owen sees this violence as requiring the same unswerving strength of purpose that is necessary for the successful completion of any task. As with religion, action needs a belief having no shifting focus of emphasis since it has no time for a quick act of faith.

He chose two types of aggression for his theory. Against the gunman trained to kill for an ideal he faced the amoral young gang-leader bored with a life offering nothing but security. Then, by way of a series of tense exciting scenes, superbly controlled by Mr. John Jacobs in his gradually concentrating action, the impotence of the undedicated when confronted with the calm fixed certainty of the believer was illustrated and analysed. Against the assurance of aggression flickered only the amorphous uncertainty of fear.

Yet the conclusion lacked the firm purpose of the rest of the play. I was uncertain whether to accept the gang-leader's final move towards the telephone as indicating that violence had now acquired for him a purpose or whether it was intended as the ultimate proof of the falseness of his 'living for kicks'. As the opposing factions, Mr. James Booth's sneering pasty-faced dandy was a strong foil to Mr. Patrick Magee's quietly inexorable executioner.



'The Flying Years': the Wright Brothers' aircraft making the first powered flight, at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, in 1903

This play was no laughing matter; but nor can one so describe much television comedy. I am beginning to wonder whether my sense of humour is not atrophying rather faster than I reluctantly admit to. Hearing gales of easy, wholesome laughing welling from audiences, I cast a haggard eye in the glass. What ails me? And yet, and yet—was the brand of witless, moronic naïveté marketed by Miss Gracie Allen in the new *Burns and Allen Show* (October 3) honestly funny?

Domestic comedy requires to be anchored to a bedrock of recognizable circumstances before the necessary processes of fantasification or broadening out are set in operation. It would be of little use basing comedy on the problems of house-training a young Indian war brave. Where, then, is the common denominator for us in this programme, when the scenario-writers presuppose it funny merely to introduce a titled English dowager into the Burns household and allow simple social ignorance of a quite monumental unbelieveability to rouse laughter?

Basic though the ingredients of much of our own humour are—*Meet the Champ* continues its indefatigable downward course—it is still, I'm relieved to be able to say, a long way from the crude gaucheries so embarrassingly displayed by Miss Allen. But for how long can we expect our own comedy teams to persevere if this is the much vaunted transatlantic competition and slickness? And of what value is importing it, except as a new low for the Bresslaw team to aim for?

I should not have despaired too readily for the night before opened the first issue of Mr. Alan Melville's new entertainment magazine, *Parade* (October 5): if the first number is a pace-maker, and Mr. Melville can keep up the pace, the circulation should soon be bouncing on the stars.

Apart from being the possessor of wit, liveliness, and variety of topic, *Parade* is also blessed—clearly some will soon be vowing cursed—with a sharp satiric eye rising like Kilroy's over the horizon and scalpingly ready to seize the first lock of hair that passes the scene beneath it. Nor do even the most innocent receive mercy when the author decides a visit to his study is needed for the good of the delinquent.

It showed the strength of *The Morning's War*, the first instalment of *Henry VI*, part III (October 6) that despite the unerring shafts placed in its vulnerable points by Mr. Melville's 'An Eternity of Kings', the production sailed



The Ruffians: James Booth (left) as Ned Trainer and Patrick Magee as Martin Brodie

ahead as magnificently as ever, like some galleon through a hail of fire.

And a galleon, spitting fire and fury, exactly describes Miss Mary Morris's Queen Margaret. Rarely can woman scorned have had a more terrible revenge than that Margaret inflicted on the captive York as in the medium close-ups from our television eyrie we watched a lioness tormenting with fearful feline pleasure a captive ox.

A heart-rending poignancy softened the savage action through the series of enchanting snowy Brueghel-like pictures in which the barbaric cruelty was contained; and nowhere was this more vivid than as the teen-age sibling, Rutland, watched from the castle windows the minstrels in the snow, moments before he was butchered by the young Clifford.

A word of gratitude to Mr. Terry Scully for his heart-plucking tenderness in the King's soliloquy on the shepherd's life; and commendation, too, to Mr. Peter Dews for the most effective idea of ending this section with Gloucester's aspirations lifted from *Richard III*.

A quiet autumnal ending to *Family Occasion* (October 8), with death from natural circumstances, was a pleasant change. After a too-strident start, this gently sentimental comedy by Miss Jill Glew and Mr. A. C. Thomas about an inconsiderate family summoned by a subterfuge to their father's eightieth birthday soon found its unassuming level in a satisfying, capable production by Mr. James MacTaggart.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Entertaining Picaroon

THE PICARESQUE is firmly back in fashion both here and in the U.S.A.—a fact which in a thinner week would lead me into several philosophical and sociological observations. As it is, they will have to keep. A novel called *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* by Muriel Spark, which I clearly should have read, has been turned into an 'entertainment for radio' by Christopher Holme with lyrics by the author, and music by Tristram Cary (Third, October 7). Though a little long and occasionally trying to mean more than it said, it was an entertaining entertainment, for which thanks be. The picaroon, whose thievish and amorous adventures we follow in shocked admiration, is traditionally Spanish, but it seemed permissible that he should be Scots and disguised as a cultivated industrial psychologist. That the natives should admire him for being 'different' had to be accepted; that they might think him Irish, mad, brainy, possibly a copper's nark and conceivably a diabolical agent was made as plausible as could be hoped.

Dougal Douglas, M.A. (Frank Duncan) made a robust and engaging rogue, frightening and seducing the workers and bosses of Peckham with foreign charm, impudence, and the witchcraft of persuasion. His inquiries into the morals, mores, class awareness, superstitions, and business malpractices of the place were doubtless questionable in a documentary sense. Nor have I met an industrial psychologist (and I know plenty) with his *brio* and resource, more's the pity. And yet among the fantasy and unfair satire there were remarks about people 'living a lie', about 'classes within classes', increments, typing pools and goings-on in cupboards which struck me as sound enough. The songs and recitatives were loose and rough in the current fashion. Some cutting and polishing would have done no harm. The music, tinkly piano, jazz band, musical typewriters, Victorian ballad variations and mad hymns for the crazed chorus were enjoyable and fitting. But they were repeated too significantly and the effects—cash registers, quacking, background radio and miscellaneous 'boings'—became intrusive. Grumbles apart it was a good show, and after all the repetitions and noises would need to be much cruder in the theatre. I particularly admired the performances of Charlotte Mitchell as a genteel



Falstaff (Alan Melville) and his cronies in a scene from 'An Eternity of Kings', a skit in *Parade* on October 5



Family Occasion, with Oliver Johnston as Henry Bascombe and Catherine Finn as Margaret Bascombe

director's wife, of Betty Hardy as a sadly naughty senior typist, and of John Dearth as a hateful refrigerator engineer. Persons in search of a ribald industrial-pastoral-musical of London life and labour should ask to hear a recording at Portland Place.

Giles Cooper's *Pig in the Middle* (Third, October 4) was a moderately tense tragi-comedy of family life. H. B. Fortuin's production created with complete success the shut-in but unprotected atmosphere of a seaside holiday in a rented house. A doddering uncle with intolerable reminiscences of the first war (Maurice Denham) amuses a boy (Kathleen Helme) more than his parents can bear, and angers the father by overlapping on their privacy. The crisis involved ancient anti-personnel bombs and was confusingly menacing in the Balchin manner. I liked very much the interventions of the outside world by a devoted ice-cream salesman (Haydn Jones) and the ease and skill of the dialogue generally. But the agonies and anti-climax were too elaborately engineered; and the loving parents were too intelligent not to have rumbled the impossibility of such a daft uncle at close quarters on their only holiday. The pleasures of the play were to be found in incidental felicities—the awkwardness of playing ball games with the young on the sands, the minor horrors of reading children's books aloud, and the jolly bloodthirstiness of the small.

Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill by Hugh Walpole (Home, October 6) was turned into a perfectly good play by Felix Felton. Its shut-in people snarl, whimper, and fight in a grossly farcical and melodramatic fashion and it is infinitely to be hoped that there are no prep schools like that nowadays. But this was no fantasy. Long years after the novel was written I was an unsatisfactory assistant master in a minor public school, and, barring the attractiveness of the heroine and the attempted murder and touching rescue on the cliffs at the end, I could match from experience every preposterous happening in it. It took me back. Cedric Messina's production pitched nothing too strong; indeed if Walpole knew as much as this, he must have been tactful about other matters.

The performance of *The Seagull* (Home, October 3) was straightforward and patchily satisfactory. One ought to be grateful that great and difficult plays like this are attempted at all, but I heard this one with mounting disappointment. I will not pretend that I know certainly what went wrong, but suspect that the problem lies in conventions of truthfulness. Most of the characters in this play are actors, amateur actors, writers or people playing a part—even that of the detached critic. Their 'acted' speeches must convince themselves generally, but should not deceive the audience, and for this to happen, a formula is necessary. In the Elizabethan theatre it is alleged, for instance, that soliloquies were formally presumed honest. In this *Seagull* I was repeatedly muddled by sincere humbug and masks which might well be more real than faces. And so, I think, were the actors. Nor is that symbolical dead bird any help to understanding.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

Producer and Consumer



HOW MUCH FACTUAL INFORMATION, I wonder, is the average listener expected to take in, within the time allotted to a documentary programme? As much as possible, according to some editors and producers. The resulting anxiety to pack every passing minute with facts seems to override such minor considerations as timing, contrast, perspective and proportion. And with these, I fear, goes the interest of some listeners.

A feature on 'The Sahara', by Edward Ward (Home Service, October 4) offered a subject fascinating to many at a time of evening, 7.30, when not a few are supposed to be listening. But here was a case of telling too much too quickly. Documentation was admirable but unassimilable. Only a computer could have coped. It was as if the whole of Saharan history, from painted caves onwards, was being unrolled on some vast ticker-tape, and the commentators, relieving each other in relays, were doing all they could to read it off in time. Sadder still, the whole piece was presented in that 'commentating' voice which may be all very well for the sporting event but otherwise leaves the listener feeling lost in the crowd.

By contrast, another documentary came along on October 5 (Home), this time on 'Gambling', which had mastered all its facts and put them across with casual ease. Even statistics were broken down and made to mean something human. René Cutforth evidently has the knack of talking to the listener as if he were somebody, and not simply a mass or a microphone. And Francis Dillon, who produced, has mastered the art of using tape-recordings with full effect, without ever letting this attractive but treacherous medium run away with him. The range of detail covered was remarkably wide, from Cedric, the computer on football form for pool fans who, since his installation in Manchester a year or two ago, has helped clients to win £800,000, to the fever of gambling speculation that goes on round those innocent-looking fishermen who line the ponds, canals and rivers on Sunday mornings.

Clearly the security state has put a premium on chance in all its financial forms. And it seems as if the betting shops will prove far too official an arrangement to cope with anything as spontaneous and secretive as the gambling itch—especially as the horse is rapidly losing ground in the betting stakes anyway. Bingo, tombola, or housey, in the north at least, seem to have solved two problems in one by offering people the chance of a friendly get-together and a flutter into the bargain. And here we were given the voices of housewives who 'never went out, or went to 'pictures before', and who now 'enjoy every minute' of their two or three social evenings a week, having a go at bingo. And there was the gambling philosopher who enlarged on the 'fatal quality' of chemin-de-fer, and the deeply satisfying pang of guilt enjoyed by the loser. All this and much else in half an hour.

Inevitably this week's 'Radio Link' took us to U.N., New York. But this was no mere mulling over of what has filled the news. Among the quintet of speakers it was the Top Nations who came out worst. America glowered and Russia grunted, while the 'neutralists', India, Egypt, and Latin America, were loud and clear in their determination to keep out of powerful orbits. From this I cut across to 'Comment', on the Third, to find Leopold Ettlinger rewarding in a talk on the Blaue Reiter painters, and to wonder why some of the theatre reviews in 'Comment' sound so much more like high-class sales talk. Back to 'Radio Link', where the going was still temperate, and the third force still uppermost. I particularly liked the tartness of the Indian speaker's tone when he wished 'the Indian Communist Party was not so obviously directed from outside'. The Bear seemed mildly surprised about the obviousness.

How many translations can Homer take? Infinity seems to be the only answer. This week in the Third (Thursday) a new series of episodes from *The Odyssey* was launched with Hugh Gordon Porteus's verse translation of *The Cyclops* (Book IX). His clipped pentameters often seemed to call for rhyme, and the jauntiness of tone was sometimes in danger of toppling—the Cyclops were described as 'an amazing

band of brash and insurrectionary toughs'. But the narrative line moved fast and clear, and there was a nice visual alertness about it all. It was read with unflagging relish—and a remarkable, enforced range of tone—by Denis McCarthy.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC



Unfamiliar Words

THE WEEK PROVIDED some varied listening, with high spots ranging from a half-hour song recital to a full-length opera. The recital (Third, October 4) was given by Robert Gartside (tenor) with Keith Humble at the piano, and the programme included four songs by Charles Ives and three by Poulenc. Ives, who died six years ago at the age of eighty, was a most remarkable composer, who in the early years of this century was already writing, by the light of nature, music of the most uncompromising originality which seems to have contained the germs of almost all the developments that have taken place during the last fifty years. Although his father was a professional musician and Charles himself played the organ, he does not appear to have had any systematic instruction in theory or composition, yet somehow contrived to pursue a dual career as composer and business man, achieving success and distinction in both spheres. (He was, in fact, for many years a senior partner in an important insurance firm.)

All his music is resolutely experimental in character, and in the boldness of his harmonies and disregard of all academic conventions he was far ahead of his time. He was, indeed, in every sense a pioneer, and undoubtedly laid the foundations of a new and specifically 'American' school of music, especially in such works as *Lincoln the Great Commoner*, or the famous 'Concord' Piano Sonata written in honour of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and Thoreau. It is not often that his name figures in broadcast programmes, and it was therefore particularly interesting to hear the little group of songs referred to above, all of which bear the stamp of Ives's particular brand of unconventionality. In *General William Booth enters into Heaven* he makes, incidentally, a most effective use of what is virtually *sprechgesang*, and achieves an extraordinary intensity of emotion combined with the kind of directness of utterance and basic simplicity often met with in Negro Spirituals, but sublimated, as it were, on to a higher plane. I also particularly liked *Ann Street* and *The White Gulls*, two strangely evocative songs to which full justice was done by the singer and his accompanist.

In his introduction to the concert broadcast by the National Youth Orchestra (Home, October 7) Herbert Wiseman reminded us of some of the achievements of this orchestra and its development since its foundation in 1947. He recalled its successful tours on the Continent and the favourable notices it has received in every country visited. On this occasion the broadcast consisted only of a recording of a concert given recently in Aberdeen (why could we not have heard it 'live'?) under the direction of Walter Susskind, in which the main items were the First Symphony of Sibelius, three of Holst's *Planets* and Dvořák's *Carnival Overture*. The standard of playing throughout, in spite of a few understandable roughnesses here and there, was commendably high. This orchestra is a credit to the country and deserves every form of encouragement.

A treat of a different kind was provided in the B.B.C. 'Saturday Concert' (Third, October 8) when the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the London Philharmonic Choir, under Rudolf Schwarz, gave a performance of Roussel's



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rarely heard *Evocations* for chorus and orchestra and baritone solo, with Joseph Rouleau as soloist. This work, which was inspired by a visit to India in 1910 (in the course of which the composer and his wife met Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald and apparently shared their elephant) is immediately attractive on account of its colour, animation, and freshness of invention, although not representative of the composer's mature style as manifested in the symphonies and such works as *Psalm 80* or the *Piano Concerto* (which, incidentally, deserves to be better known). Nevertheless, it was a pleasure to hear *Evocations*, with its choral last move-

ment, so eloquent and expansive in the grand style.

Another unfamiliar work rarely heard in the concert room today—Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia* for piano, chorus and orchestra—shared with Mozart's *Requiem* the honours of the B.B.C.'s first public concert (Third, October 5). In the *Fantasia*, an interesting but unequal work in which can be discerned the germ of the choral part of the Ninth Symphony, the pianist was Edith Vogel, while Elsie Morison, Norma Procter, William Herbert, and Marian Nowakowski sang the solos in the *Requiem*, which was given a somewhat colourless performance

under Rudolf Schwarz conducting the B.B.C.'s Symphony Orchestra, Chorus, and Choral Society.

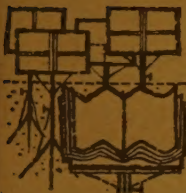
I was able to hear two acts of Carl Nielsen's early opera (1902) *Saul and David* (Third, October 9), but the music is for the most part undistinguished, and I cannot imagine that the opera, even on the stage, would be likely to hold one's attention. The performance was a recording of a studio production first broadcast last year from Scotland, with the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra and Choral Society conducted by Berthold Goldschmidt, with Stanislaw Pieczora and William Herbert in the title-roles.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Erik Satie: Inspired Eccentric

By DAVID COX

'Messe des Pauvres' and 'Relâche' will be broadcast at 8.30 p.m. on Monday, October 17 (Third)



PARIS, 1913. We can picture him as he emerges from his unpretentious lodging in Arcueil: faun-like, with short beard, and a mischievous twinkle in his eye; wearing an incongruous bowler-hat, pince-nez, stiff collar, ready-made suit; immaculately turned-out, in fact—his hands well polished with pumice-stone. He would no doubt be setting off to visit the teen-age Georges Auric, or some other young musician who calls him 'bon maître'...

Satie was a lover of children, all young people, and the poor. 'Monsieur le Pauvre' he was called at one time, because of his ascetic way of life. Childlike, he was a leader and inspirer of *les jeunes*—and not only *les jeunes*. By the simple directness of his musical vision he influenced three generations of French composers. It is unlikely that Debussy and Ravel would have been the same without him. The American composers Virgil Thomson and John Cage certainly came under his spell—and perhaps even Stravinsky himself, in his most austere 'classical' works (such as *Orpheus*).

Many composers are unique; some composers are more unique than others; the bizarre and enigmatic Satie is the most unique of all. Mystic, innovator, buffoon—the contradictions that we find in him are disturbing. Too much has been written about Satie the witty eccentric. You may like the involved clowning, or you may find it madly unfunny. At all events, it was a mask, a defence, covering up an over-sensitivity and a sort of timidity. (Something similar, but far more sinister, happened in the case of Peter Warlock.) Let the psychologists say, if they will, that Satie (like Ravel?) had a mother-fixation—arrested emotional development caused by the shock of his mother's death at the age of six. However that may be, his positive, childlike approach to music—reducing to essentials the melodic and harmonic elements of composition—helped towards clearing the air in France. He was a voice crying in the Wagnerian wilderness: an essentially French voice, demanding that French music should be without *Sauerkraut*. A prophet, a forerunner of genius, he constantly saw his head brought in on a platter. But however queer his behaviour, those who came to know him well invariably saw beneath the mask and recognized the profound and extremely sensitive musician who had written such works as *Gymnopédies* and (his masterpiece) *Socrate*. Many, however, saw no further than the buffoon.

The Satie aesthetic was taken up and elaborated by Jean Cocteau in his book *Le Coq et l'Arlequin*: Russian-French music or German-French music were all very well, but it was a

French music of France that was needed. Any work (for example, Wagner) that you had to listen to with your face in your hands was suspect. Satie showed the right way, a most daring way, a *petite route classique* of simplicity, austerity, and detachment, which led eventually to the *café-concert* becoming a symbol of stylistic purity. For Satie, anything the slightest bit ostentatious was unreal and insincere. So neurotically anti-pretentious was he that every suggestion of emotion or romanticism had to be rigorously suppressed, or mocked. Therein lies his limiting extremism. It made thematic development almost impossible and accounts for the short-windedness of his music. And it made him attack not only Wagnerism. By calling his own works by such titles as *Airs à faire fuir* and *Aperçus désagréables* he was ridiculing the 'precious' titles of the impressionists. He felt obliged even to make fun of his own serious compositions, by adding ludicrous verbal commentaries—like a rather peculiar oyster protesting that its pearl is not real.

Messe des Pauvres (1895) belongs to Satie's early period of mysticism and medieval influences. Plainsong was very important to him then—and throughout his life. So, at this time, was Rosicrucianism, which had just been revived in France by Joseph Péladan. Rosicrucianism, the symbol of which is the cross and the rose, is a seventeenth-century sect, partly religious, partly philosophical, and combining science and occultism. Satie joined this sect and became its official composer for two years. Considering that the sect, and Péladan in particular, tried to regulate the arts—and to regulate them, moreover, according to 'the Wagnerian aesthetic'—it is remarkable that Satie stayed with them as long as he did. Protesting his independence of spirit, he resigned; and we then find him founding a (short-lived) 'Church' of his own, with the high-falutin name of 'L'Eglise Métropolitaine d'Art de Jésus Conducteur', with himself as 'Parcier et Maître de Chapelle'.

This was the kind of spiritual background from which the *Messe des Pauvres* emerged. Only the Kyrie and five short pieces have been preserved, and these will be heard on Monday, not with voices and organ (as originally conceived), but arranged for orchestra by the American composer David Diamond. In some ways this is a pity. Satie's brother Conrad, writing about the work, actually says: 'This Mass is essentially a Catholic work—music for Divine sacrifice—and there is no place in it for those orchestras which figure unhappily in so many Masses...'. The orchestral version, however, has been made with care and restraint; the depth and peculiar flavour of the music are still there.

Plainsong is the basis of the work, plainsong, with its impersonal, floating, aloof character; and the original score is without bar-lines, emphasizing the music's fluidity.

Is it a deeply devotional work? Possibly. But remembering that Satie once dedicated a work to himself, it is difficult not to suspect a certain irony in the title *Prière pour le salut de mon âme*, the last section of the *Messe*. And the shortest section (one-and-a-half lines of music) has the longest title: *Prière pour les voyageurs et les marins en danger de mort, à la très bonne et très auguste Vierge Marie, mère de Jésus*. To say that the *Messe des Pauvres* of 'Monsieur le Pauvre' is the poor man's Messiaen would probably be unfair.

In 1917, the Cocteau-Picasso-Satie ballet *Parade* was called the Cubist manifesto—not only because Picasso was responsible for the décor. Cubism in painting means breaking down the material into facet-like forms and then reorganizing these into a pictorial composition. It is arguable that Satie had done something similar in music.

The style of *Relâche* (1924), on the other hand, was called surrealist—and so it was, in everything except the music. Surrealism is primarily concerned with revealing unconscious, irrational, dream-like associations. In *Relâche*, against a background pattern of large gramophone-discs, a series of inconsequential and iconoclastic episodes take place, self-consciously intended to scandalize the Parisian audiences and to deliver 'a lot of kicks on a lot of behinds, sacred and otherwise'. Men undress; there is a dance with a wheelbarrow; a fireman (smoking) pours water aimlessly from one bucket to another; there is a dance without music (which will only be broadcast if there is a transmitter failure). The famous cinematographic episode, by René Clair, even has a scene in which Satie fires a cannon. Francis Picabia, whose conception the whole thing was, called it 'the life of today'. He also claimed that it meant nothing ('*Relâche ne veut rien dire*'). It was 'the pollen of our time', he said; 'a little dust on our finger-tips'.

The music, however, is certainly not inconsequential: in contrast to everything else in the ballet it is consistent in texture throughout. Satie has included a certain amount of deliberate and appropriate banality; but the final result is always stylish, accomplished and amusing, always highly personal, simple and direct, and often harmonically very engaging.

Relâche is the perfect Satie title: 'Theatre Closed'. It actually was closed when people arrived for the much-advertised first night: the perfect Satie joke. And it was his farewell.

Planting Bulbs in the House and Garden

By F. H. STREETER



IT IS ALWAYS advisable to plant bulbs as early as you can. Let us take hyacinths first—the ones with large spikes. Crock the pot and use the following compost mixed well: loam two parts, leaf soil two parts, and silver sand one part. If you have to buy the compost, John Innes No. 2 will do. Always pot firm with the nose of the bulb just above the soil. If you plant too deeply in pots the watering may cause the spike to damp just as it is forming—and that is fatal. What you have to aim at in a hyacinth spike is perfection, each bell just touching and covering the stem, so that it is a mass of flowers from top to bottom.

The following are reliable varieties: Bismarck, which is a porcelain blue; King of the Blues and Myosotis, two more blues. Lady Derby, Queen of the Pinks, and Princess Margaret are pinks. Queen of Haarlem a yellow; Innocence a white, and for a red, Jan Bos. These have good colours and deep spikes, and are for pot or indoor work especially. If you want them for

bedding get special bedding hyacinths in the separate colour that you like. They will be cheaper. After potting place them in a cold frame with an inverted 5-inch pot over the bulb, and put a mat over the light to keep them dark and moist. Remember they have no roots, so be careful with the water.

In recent years marvellous daffodils in colour and size have been produced. Their price is rather high, but there are many other good sorts that are less expensive to buy. If you want a little batch for indoors plant the bulbs in old herring boxes, with a little rough stuff from the compost heap, or decaying leaves, over the bottom, and two to three inches of soil. Place the bulbs close together. Some of them have what are called double noses—that is several young bulbs round the parent. These will flower, so leave them on and let them touch each other. Then fill up in between with soil, to the top of the box. Firm the soil, water the bulbs in, and put them in the coldest place you have, so that they will root well and slowly. Reliable varieties

of daffodil are Golden Harvest, Rembrandt, Spring Glory, Flower Carpet, Imperato, Fortune, and Orange Glow.

Another bulb for the house which I think is not grown enough is the double forcing tulip. Half a dozen in a bowl make a splendid show, and last a long time. Scarlet Cardinal is a rich orange-scarlet; Schoonoord is a large pure white, and Murillo Maxima is a creamy white, flushed with rose pink. Among single tulips I like Van der Neer which is violet-purple; White Hawk, a pure white; and Sunburst, which is a yellow flushed with red.



Double forcing tulip —
Scarlet Cardinal

—From a talk in the Home Service

Bridge Forum

Inter-County Bidding Competition—Final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE final of the inter-county bidding competition was an all-ladies event with Norfolk represented by Mrs. P. A. Broke and Mrs. L. H. Allwood, and Nottinghamshire by Mrs. G. W. Lee and Mrs. H. A. Johnson. Five questions, four on bidding and one on a lead, all related to this hand:

♠ Q 8 4 2 ♥ A 6 ♦ K J 9 6 4 ♣ 9 3

In the first four questions North's partner, the dealer, has passed and his right-hand opponent has opened One Club. Both sides are vulnerable.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(1) No	1C	?	
(2) No	1C	No	No
Double	1NT	?	
(3) No	1C	No	No
2H	2S	?	
(4) No	1C	No	No
2H	2S	No	3C
No	No	?	
(5) No	1C	No	No
Double	3NT	No	No
No			

What is your opening lead?

The answers adjudged best were as follows:

(1) No Bid. One Diamond scored one consolation point but was regarded as clearly inferior to the pass. The vulnerable overcall is dangerous and most unlikely to bring any advantage, the point being that it does not deny the opponent any bidding space, as would an overcall of One Spade or Two Clubs.

(2) Two Diamonds. A double would be

unsound since opponent might well hold a long club suit.

(3) No Bid. Three Hearts scored one consolation point. A game cannot be seriously considered opposite a passed partner and a plus score is likely against Two Spades.

(4) Three Hearts. This time the consolation point was for No Bid.

(5) The ace of hearts. The Three No Trump bid is clearly based on a long minor suit. In this type of situation the best chance for the defence is usually to try to find five tricks before surrendering the lead, and for that reason an ace is always a recommended lead. The six of diamonds scored one consolation point.

Both teams scored well on a difficult set of questions and at this stage were on terms of equality with 13 points each. The final test was a hand taken from the final of this year's Gold Cup competition. South dealer; North-South game.

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 7 4	♠ None
♥ 8 4 2	♥ A K 10
♦ None	♦ A 10 9 5 4 2
♣ A K Q J 7 6	♣ 10 9 4 2

South, the dealer, opened One Diamond and North-South took no further part in the auction.

The auction was all too brief when Norfolk held the East-West cards. Mrs. Broke doubled with the West hand and Mrs. Allwood, East, made a penalty pass. Only two contracts were considered by the adjudicators: Seven Clubs, which scored 10 and Six Clubs, which scored 5.

In seeking to apportion the responsibility for

this particular débâcle Reese and Franklin laid the stress in different directions. Franklin felt that Three Clubs, or even Two Diamonds, might have been more suitable bids on the West hand. The danger of the double was the one that occurred—that one's partner might pass for penalties and find a most unsuitable hand.

Reese, on the other hand, felt that, although the double was not his choice, the fault lay with East for electing to pass. Trump holdings under the bidder tend to have a greatly diminished value. Thus, with K Q J x x for example, the declarer would have little difficulty in coming to four trump tricks, and with six diamonds he would come to five. He would then have to make very few side tricks for East-West to have a poor score. East has a good enough hand to expect to make a game somewhere and cannot be certain of taking as good a score by defending.

The Nottingham ladies had little to do to improve on this score, and they did so with the following auction:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
	Mrs. Lee		Mrs. Johnson
1D	3C	No	5C
No	6C	No	No
No			

East's bid of Five Clubs was a nervous effort: it would seem that she needed to know only that partner's clubs were solid and headed by the top cards to make the grand slam attractive. An immediate bid of Five No Trumps might have encompassed that end. Their more conservative effort was, however, all that was needed to make Nottinghamshire the winners by 18 points to 13.

Planning the Week-end Menus

By MARGARET RYAN



THE TIMES given allow for cooking for four to six people. Recipes are given for the starred dishes.

MIDDAY

Friday: (No midday meal for family or guests)

Saturday: *Buckling. Celery with cheese and biscuits

Sunday: Baked collar of bacon. Mashed potatoes. Cauliflower. *Upside-down gingerbread

EVENING

*Veal Holstein. Spinach. Pears with

*chocolate sauce

Jugged hare. Boiled rice. Red currant jelly. Crème caramel

Cold bacon. *Spiced rice salad. Grapes. Cream cheese

TIMETABLE

Friday: Time in kitchen 2-2½ hours (most of the week-end work in this programme is done on Friday). *Order of work:* Heat oven to 350°, mark 4. Make crème caramel for tomorrow and put in oven. Prepare vegetables (carrot, onion, celery, turnip cut into cubes) for jugged hare. Joint hare and put with vegetables in casserole with lemon juice, a glass of port or red wine, and enough water or stock to cover. Cover closely and cook in oven 3 hours. Cut pears in halves, allowing 3 extra for Sunday. Poach in syrup till tender, leave to cool. Take out crème caramel if done, put aside for tomorrow. Make chocolate sauce. Prepare spinach. Cook veal and put aside to keep warm. Cook spinach and dish. Poach eggs. Dish veal and garnish. Put sauce on pears. *After dinner* take hare out of oven.

Saturday morning: Time in kitchen: 10 minutes. Put bacon to soak. Arrange buckling and celery for serving.

Saturday evening: Time in kitchen: 30-40 minutes. *Order of work:* thicken gravy for hare and return to casserole. Boil rice, providing about 6 oz. extra for salad. Drain rice, keeping tonight's hot while you mix salad for tomorrow.

Sunday morning: Time in kitchen: about 1 hour's work with interval, depending on size of joint (allow enough for tonight). *Order of work:* Drain bacon, wrap in foil and cook in moderate oven, allowing 20 minutes to the lb. and 20 minutes over. Prepare potatoes and cauliflower. Make and cook gingerbread pudding. Cook vegetables and dish. Skin bacon and coat with breadcrumbs. Turn out pudding.

Sunday evening: Time in kitchen: 10 minutes. Dress salad and carve bacon.

*RECIPES

Veal Holstein (veal garnished with poached egg and anchovy fillets): allow one large escalope for each person. Put between greaseproof paper and beat until thin with rolling pin. Dust with seasoned flour and cook in butter both sides, about 3 minutes each. Keep warm between two plates in oven. Sprinkle flour into remains of butter in pan, add a little lemon juice and a teacup of stock or water. Stir well and strain round veal. Garnish each escalope with a poached egg and curl an anchovy fillet on the top.

Chocolate sauce: grate 6 oz. of plain chocolate into the top of a double boiler, and melt. Add 2-3 tablespoons of syrup from pears.

Buckling are whole, smoked herring cured in boiling salt, bought ready to eat as they are or heated.

Upside-down Gingerbread Pudding: melt 2 oz. of butter in frying pan, add 3 oz. of brown sugar and stir until syrupy. Pour into deep sandwich-tin and on it arrange 6 halved and cored pears, hollow side down, pointed ends to centre. Pour gingerbread mixture over and bake about 35 minutes at 350°, mark 4. Turn out bottom uppermost, and serve with cream.

Gingerbread mixture: sift together 4 oz. of plain flour, ½ teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda, large pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon of ground ginger, 2 teaspoons of cinnamon. In a basin mix one

egg with 4 oz. of brown sugar, 3 oz. of black treacle, and ¼ gill of sour milk (if no sour milk, add 1 tablespoon of vinegar to sweet milk). Stir flour mixture in, and beat hard 1 minute. The mixture should be a soft batter.

Spiced Rice Salad: while rice is still warm, season with salt, black pepper, and a little grated nutmeg. Add one finely chopped shallot, some grated root ginger, ½ teaspoon of coriander seed, and a handful of whole stoned raisins. Dress lightly with oil and lemon juice.

Notes on Contributors

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GEOFFREY AGNEW (page 644): art dealer and critic

DAVID COX (page 657): External Services Music Organizer, B.B.C.; composer of the choral suite *Of Beasts*, the song-cycle *The Humours of Love*, etc.

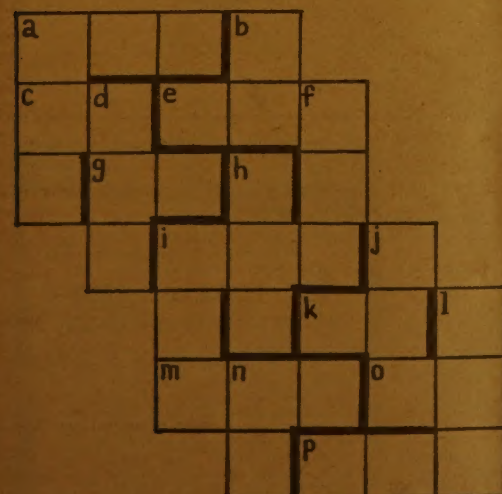
Crossword No. 1,585.

x-Finger Exercise.

By Spuggie

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 20. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Each letter represents a different prime number less than 100. The x-number system uses only the first x numbers (including zero) of the decimal system. Each light is found to be a different number in the x-number system and is larger than 10. Each light is different from its reverse, and each light and its reverse, when translated into the decimal system, are prime numbers.

For those a little rusty on number systems: if $x=3$ then the first numbers are 0, 1, 2, 10, 11, 12, 20, 21, 22, 100, 101, 102, corresponding to 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 in the decimal system.

Clues—Across

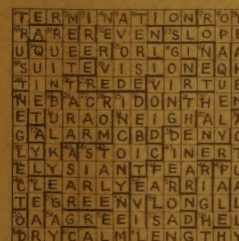
- a. 3W + B
- c. D - 3H - B
- e. 10X + A
- g. X
- i. 2D - C
- k. W - S
- m. 7P + Q - B
- o. S - 9H
- p. 10P + L - U

Down

- a. 5L + 2A
- b. 2T
- d. 7V - Q
- f. 16Z

- h. 200C + B
- i. 2W
- j. 9V
- l. 3L + U - (T + B)
- n. Z + C

Solution of No. 1,583



NOTES

The twenty-four words clued, but not entered, are, in order: *Across:* ending, quarrel, noise, odd, train, colour, bitter, startle, honest, limpidly, serene. *Down:* credit, believe, anger, brace, elude, concise, empty, gross, truly, perish, agog, sin, riant.

1st prize: The Archdeacon of St. Albans; 2nd prize: Mrs. D. M. Lee (Wigan); 3rd prize: N. Ellis (Stafford).

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